

# The Sketch

No. 740.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

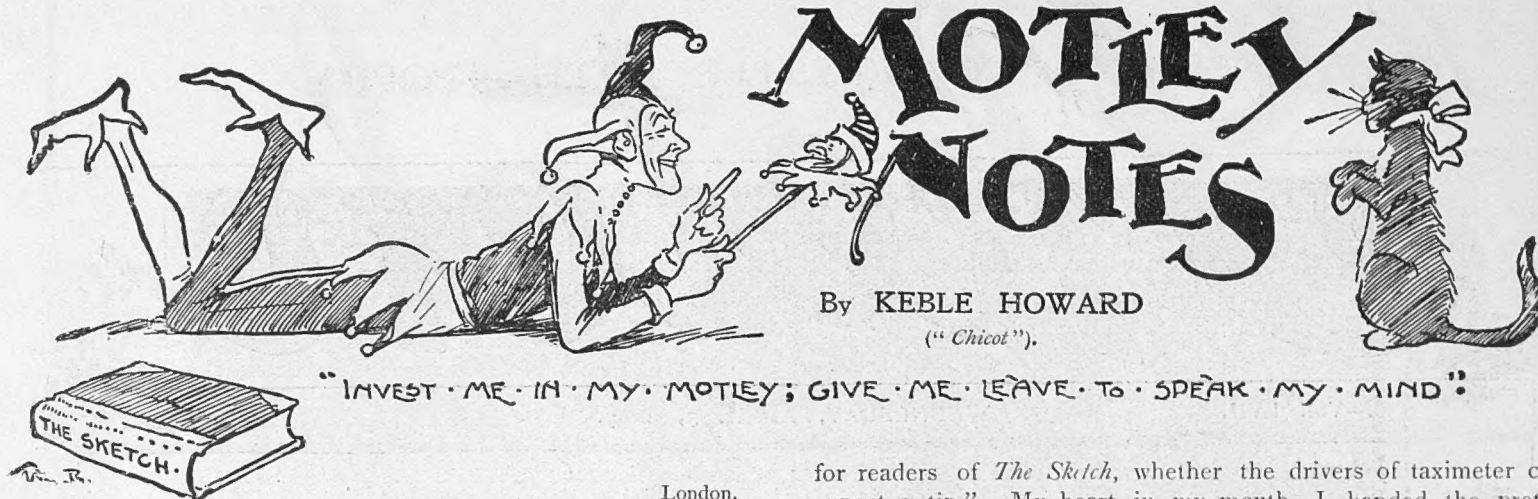


THE FUTURE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE: MISS EVELYN FOSTER,  
WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

Miss Foster's marriage to the Marquess of Downshire is to take place soon. The future Marchioness is a brilliant amateur actress.

*Photograph by Langfier.*





### An Afternoon with "Taxi."

London.  
Not for the first time, I have been making myself unpopular. Also, not for the first time, I have been making myself unpopular on behalf of the readers of *The Sketch*. To come to the point, I have submitted the taximeter cab—known elsewhere as "taxi"—to a thorough test, and propose herewith to record my experiences. I hired my taxi, then, at Hyde Park Corner. Having made the usual little joke on the subject of the "FREE" flag, I invited the pretty toy-chauffeur in the blue uniform and peaked cap to drive me as far as the Bull and Bush at Hampstead. I had never been to the Bull and Bush, though, in common with most Londoners, I had received some thousands of invitations to take a glass of port wine there with strangers in jovial mood. Very well, then. Whilst the pretty thing in the peaked cap was starting his engine, a small crowd collected. Three young gentlemen, appointing themselves spokesmen for the party, addressed me, respectively, as "Blackleg," "Old Eightpenny," and "Petrol-Box." It occurred to me, a little late, that taxi was not an innovation wholly popular. I thought it possible that a piece of mud might follow us as we pulled out into the centre of the road, or even a pebble. However, that grand force, the police, chaperoned us as far as the old-fashioned cabbies could throw.

### Twopenny Obsession.

Sitting in the right-hand corner of the cab, I was able to keep a sharp eye on the taximeter. You can't help doing this, but it does not add, I think, to the enjoyment of the ride. Every stage, no matter how beautiful it may be, costs you twopence. A clear space in front of Burlington House enabled us to show off our paces. Twopence. Approaching Piccadilly Circus, a large van pulled out from the pavement with alarming suddenness. My driver, the splendid fellow, executed a curve that should constitute a record in parabolic beauty. Twopence. Passing through Shaftesbury Avenue, I looked up from the taximeter to admire that Temple of Art consecrate to the genius of Mr. S. Hicks. When I looked back—twopence. And so it went on, until the size and scope and limited purchasing-power of twopence became an obsession. By the time we reached the Camden Theatre I had spent thirteen twopences. Could anything have been more unfortunate, not only for the Camden Theatre, but also for myself? Whenever I ride in a taxi from Hyde Park Corner to the Camden Theatre—I never shall, of course, unless I am permitted to rent a flat in St. George's Hospital—it will cost me thirteen twopences. I need hardly say that I would far rather pay half-a-crown. (By the way, this is a joke. I am all for taxi.)

### A Daring Experiment.

Taxi is a plucky little fellow, but, as you may imagine, the hill tried his courage. Every moment I expected him to funk the job, and I began to wonder how far we should get, travelling backwards at forty miles an hour, before a vacancy was created on the literary staff of this Journal. However, it was not created *that* trip. The twenty-sixth twopence brought me to the home of the little German band. The band itself, I regretted to note, was absent on furlough, but everything else pointed to this being the actual Bull and Bush. I went into the garden, and a waiter joined me. After some discussion I took advantage of his courtesy to order tea. This will not interest you; but mark what follows. We slipped down the hill to Charing Cross at lightning speed. The taximeter clicked so busily, registering my twopences, that it sounded like a typewriter beneath the fingers of a skilled manipulator. Finally, as we pulled up outside the station, I owed it eight shillings and tenpence. "Now for the most important test of all," said I to myself. "I will even discover,

for readers of *The Sketch*, whether the drivers of taximeter cabs expect a tip." My heart in my mouth, I handed the prettily peaked one exactly eight-and-tenpence. He counted it, shovelled it into his pocket, looked me over slowly from head to foot, and then, mounting his box, drove off with hunched shoulders.

### A Cry from the Heart.

A correspondent, the manager of a leading provincial theatre, writes to me protesting against my suggestion that theatres should be open on Sunday. Here is his letter—

DEAR CHICOT,—You are one of us, you know, for you wear the motley at times, and in writing on the subject of the most popular day of the week, it is a surprise to me that you should seek to do away with the theatre-man's most popular day by suggesting that theatres should be opened on Sunday. To all engaged in the theatre business, Sunday is the one day when they can enjoy an "evening at home," round the fireside with their loved ones, or on the garden lawn when the charm of a summer evening is a joy to him who is shut up in the playhouse every other evening in the week. To the manager who spends, as I do, ten hours in or about the auditorium, the stage, or the office of a theatre daily, the loss of the Sunday rest would be a cruel injustice.

### My Counter- Protest.

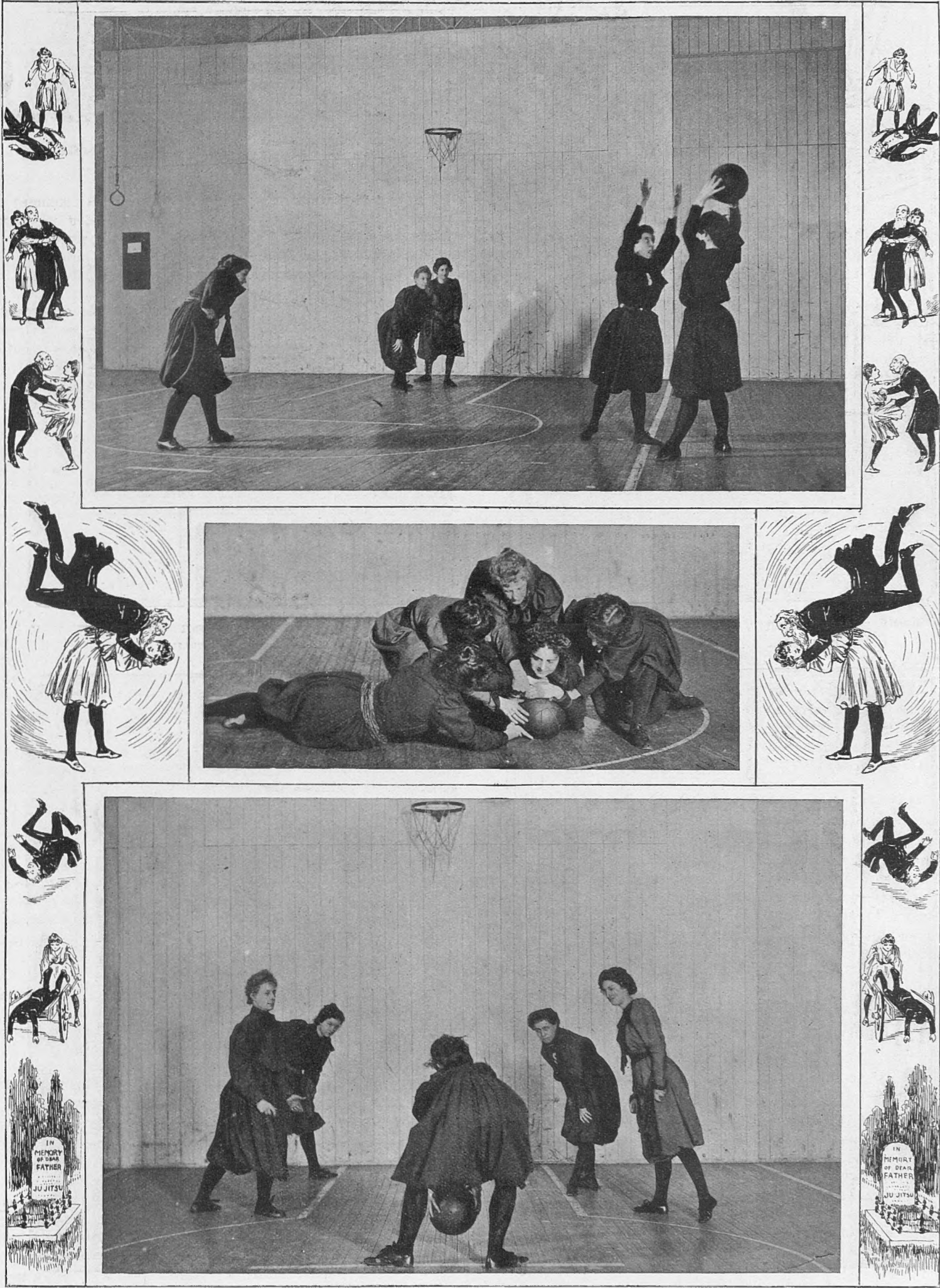
It grieves me sorely that my correspondent should bring an accusation of heartlessness against the most tender-hearted soul that ever drew breath. On no account would I deprive him of his well-earned rest on the seventh day. The atmosphere of a theatre, especially in daytime, is very tiring, and sixty hours of it in a week is enough, if not more than enough, for any man. But I should like to put this question to my correspondent: Is it absolutely necessary that that seventh day should fall, in his case, on a Sunday? We all know that, so long as the world lasts, a certain amount of Sunday labour will be unavoidable. We all hope, however, that those who are compelled to work on Sunday take a proportionate amount of leisure during the week. When I first came to London, I was employed in an office that never closes. I used to work until two o'clock on Sunday morning, and again from three o'clock on Sunday afternoon until ten o'clock the same night. By way of compensation, I had the whole of Monday to myself. This, as it seemed to me, was not quite fair, because Monday is no day for idling. Nobody will idle with you on a Monday. Returning, thus, to the matter in hand, the opening of theatres on Sunday would give a great deal of innocent pleasure to thousands and tens of thousands of people who are now bored to death.

### A Practical Suggestion.

There is nothing shocking in this statement. If the theatre is a harmful entertainment it ought to be stopped at once. If it is harmless, why not let us enjoy it on Sunday as well as on a weekday? In the morning, say, a man goes to church with his wife and family; in the afternoon he takes a walk with his family; in the evening he goes to the theatre with his wife. The entertainment amuses him, takes him "out of himself," and he wakes up on Monday thoroughly refreshed and ready for work. "But what about the people employed in theatres? Which night will they get to themselves?" This is an easy question to answer. The worst day in the theatrical week is Friday. Houses are always thin on Friday—not, as is generally supposed, because Friday is unlucky, or because people are saving their money for the Saturday. Friday is a bad night in the theatres for the simple reason that the Jewish Sabbath begins on Friday evening; and the Jews, who form a very large proportion of the playgoing world, will not go to the theatre on that evening. If all the theatres were closed on Fridays, and opened on Sundays, the result would be an increase of prosperity for those in the business and an increase of pleasure to those outside the business. However, the reform will not take place till I am dead, and then somebody else will get the credit of the suggestion.



LEARNING TO WRESTLE WITH "POPPA."



AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRLS PLAYING BASKET-BALL.

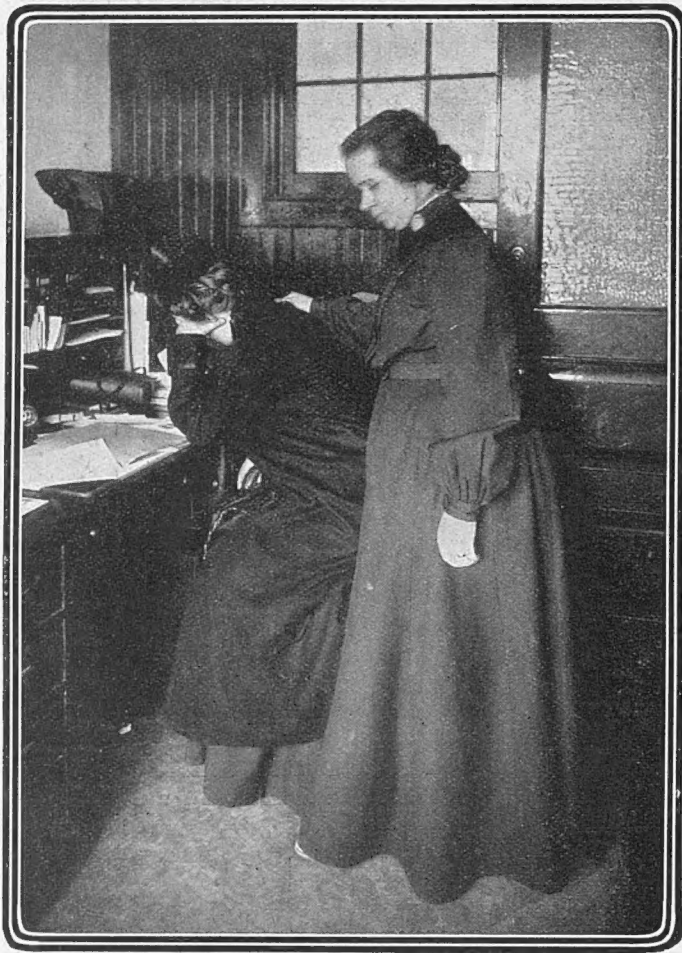
A worthy Chicago gentleman, rejoicing in his manly strength, recently challenged his nineteen-year-old daughter to a wrestling match. The said daughter was home from college, and had been boasting of her prowess, due, she said, to playing basket-ball (here illustrated) for her college team. Her boast was not idle: in three minutes she had thrown her father, who had a leg broken and a knee-cap split.

Photographs by Byron.

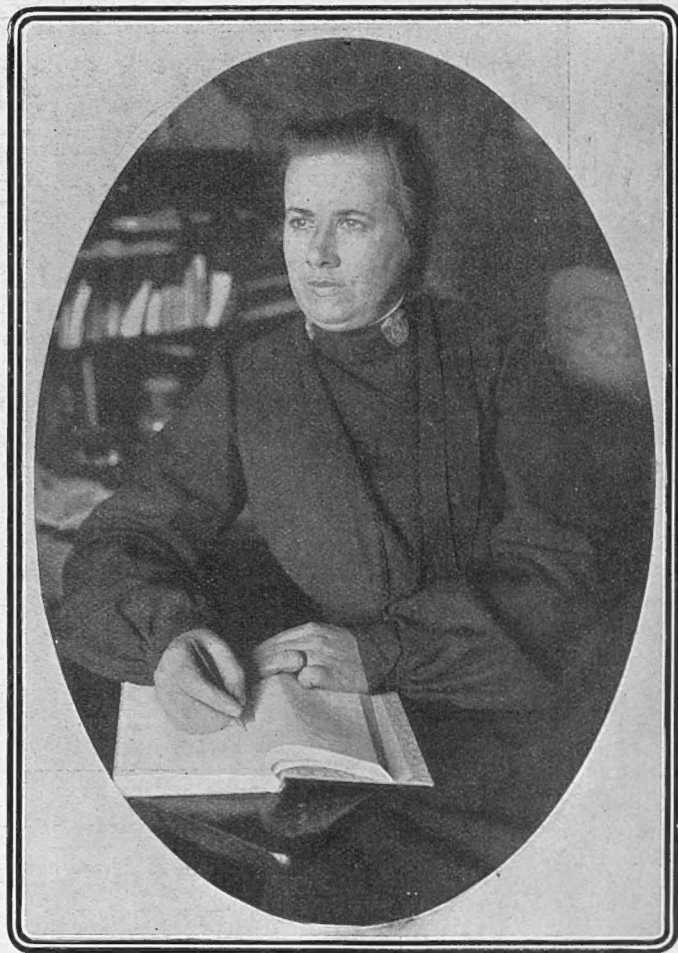


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MRS. BRIGADIER BOVILLE, A CHIEF OFFICER AT THE NEW YORK  
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COLONEL HOLLAND PERSUADING A MAN NOT TO TAKE HIS LIFE.

The Salvation Army, ever finding new outlets for its energy, has started an Anti-Suicide Bureau in New York, and there seeks to bring consolation to those who would take their own lives. The branch in this country is managed by Colonel Unsworth, one of whose posters reads: "Don't Commit Suicide, Consult Col. Unsworth, who will Help You."

Photographs by G. G. Bain.



COLONEL HOLLAND BIDDING THE SAME MAN GODSPEED.



## THE TALE OF THE MASKED BALL.



MME. EMMA EAMES, THE FAMOUS SINGER, WHO IS SAID TO BE SUING FOR DIVORCE  
AGAINST HER HUSBAND, MR. JULIAN STORY.

It is reported in America that Mme. Emma Eames is suing for divorce against her husband. The story runs that she acted as hostess at a magnificent masquerade ball given by her husband at Philadelphia, and that on that occasion two of the lady guests, not knowing her in her mask, told her that her husband was infatuated with another lady. "On discovering their mistake," the report continues, "the gossipers fled, but Mme. Eames insisted upon an explanation from her husband, and on failing to obtain it, separated from him immediately."—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]



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 net.  
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**Friday, the 13th.** Thomas W. Lawson. 4s.

THE

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**

APRIL 6.

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BOER PARLIAMENT.**

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on  
 its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
 Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
 fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to  
 three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
 and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and  
 jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are  
 requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,  
 (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
 are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider  
 photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary  
 rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred  
 to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
 the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
 senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
 destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
 sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
 accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
 Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
 payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



## THE

## UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.

## BACK TO THE LAND.

IT seems too good to be true that the townsman should make a catch-phrase for the yokel. The humour of it lies in the fact that neither the townsman nor the yokel understands it. It is painfully true, though, that the townsman is not staggering

under the glorious vision of spring flowers at the street-corners, any more than the yokel is lifting up his hands and eyes at the idea of sensible legislation for him. They both plod on more or less unmoved. These two extremes do not realise their gigantic stature, a failing common to most men and women.

The huge importance of the skilled hand at the plough, and the titanic figure of his brother in the counting-house are hardly touched upon by those who make our laws. We must at all costs restore village life, the energy of which we have sapped so carelessly for many years.

I grumble daily at the lack of interest shown by all those who should be most touched by the position of the farm-labourer.

People may laugh at poetry—do, indeed, laugh at it—never realising that they live it daily. We are, with our joys, sorrows, ambitions, and loves, poems whose note and cadence depend on the freshness of our hearts.

Deny it if you like, but the call of the earth is in the blood of every man who breathes, of every man who buys a penny bunch of flowers, who eats bread knowing it to be wheat, or who drinks beer hoping it to be made from hops. As we neglect to retain the poetry of our vision so do we grow old and become bored.

Now I know that the "Back to the Land" cry sounds in many ears like a noise through a paper trumpet; so much has been written on the subject that the main idea bids fair to be buried under a mass of blue-books and red-tape. Some regard it as foreshadowing an increase in cheap villa residences; some as a fad organised by the kind of people who walk in the dew with bare feet, or refuse to get their hair cut. Many feel it is an attempt to

bolster up and encourage the laziness of the labouring man. Do these people know that England is being as systematically deprived of young skilled labourers, especially land labourers, as was France during the Napoleonic wars?

These papers of mine are headed "The Utopia Hunter," and I beg to state that I do not hunt for impossible Utopias (I hope that does not sound too Irish), but for some recognition of the majesty and poetry of common things. I am not looking for an El Dorado, but for the Fortunate Island; not for a feast of riches, but for a feast of joy.

This is all appropriate to the time and season when so many people are going into the country of which they know so little.

England, I know, is often badly served by inns and hotels; it is a most expensive country to see; it is not inviting to the pedestrian or to the motorist, but of that I mean to write later. But it is our country, and it is, for this reason, very dear to our hearts; and the cry of "Back to the Land" is a real cry, so let us see that it has a real effect.

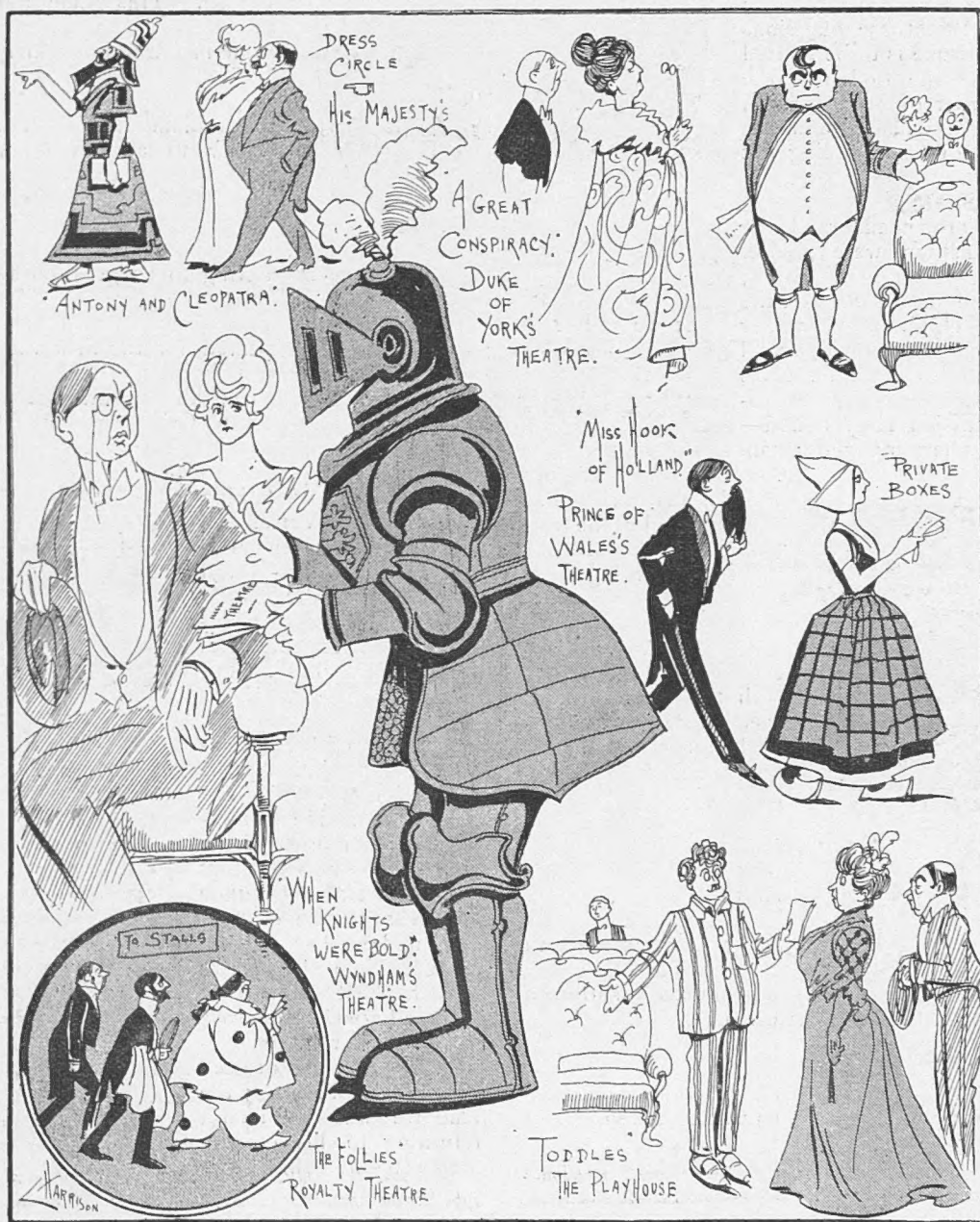
I can picture the effect of this on those people who use the country merely as a playground, a piece of grass-grown earth on which they may strew the evidences of civilisation—beer-bottles, orange-peel, sandwich-papers! These people know only the pleasure-garden side of the country, and little do they see (how could they?) of the human machine which keeps it all going.

I should like to suggest that the more thoughtful—or the most thoughtless, if you like—of those who take a few days in the country at this season should give an open ear to the

voice of the earth, and a keen attention to the conditions of those who labour on it.

The country, the open country, gives us our vigorous life; from the fields our young blood is gathered; from the village opinion come great measures, greater than the market-pump, for here is the pith of the nation and the strong arm at our backs.

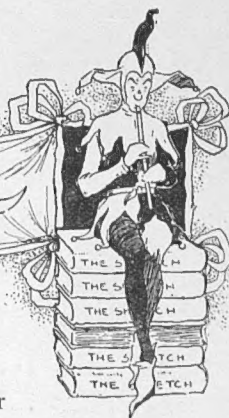
Besides—bless me!—there is poetry: cottages, arbours, and roses, with perhaps a nightingale to listen to in the evening—the song which is the song of sobs and laughter, deep, profound; the voice of the spirit of the earth.



A NEW ATTRACTION FOR THE THEATRES? WHY NOT DRESS THE PROGRAMME-SELLERS AND ATTENDANTS IN THE COSTUME OF THE PLAY?

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.





# THE CLUBMAN

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S NEW POST—POBIEDONOSTSEFF—THE KHEDIVE'S DIFFICULTIES.

A PLEASANT time, I am sure, is before the Duke of Connaught as the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean. The post is a revival, and it will supply a comfortable billet in the future for very distinguished officers of the highest rank who have held all, or nearly all, the other great posts, but who are too valuable to the country to be placed on the retired list. With a Commander-in-Chief less tactful than H.R.H. there might be friction at first with the Governors of Malta and Gibraltar; but the Duke has always, right through his military career, smoothed away all difficulties. When he first went to India to take up a Presidency command, some men prophesied that his royal rank would create questions of etiquette on certain occasions; but the Duke took care that these occasions should never occur. The Duke is to be housed in the Auberge of Castille, the Lodge of the Spanish Knights of the Order of Malta, which, next to the Grand Master's Palace—now the Government House—is the finest building left by the Knights.

I wonder whether Torquemada and the other heads of the Inquisition were gentle, cultured, pleasant people in their private lives; whether they kept pets and patted dogs on the head and were kind to children. I rather expect they were, for the closest human parallel our generation has known to those ferocious old Inquisitors—Pobiedonostseff, the ex-Procurator General of the Russian Holy Synod—was in private life a very charming gentleman.



THE MARQUESS OF DOWNSHIRE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS EVELYN FOSTER.

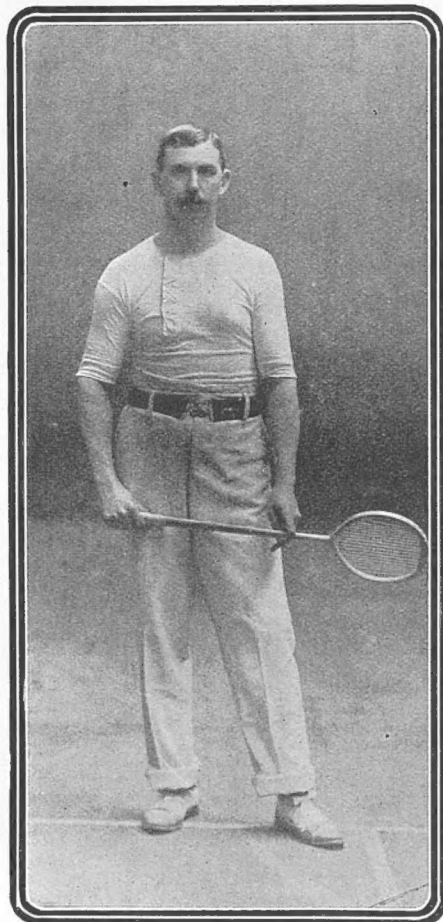
The Marquess succeeded his father in the title in 1874. He married Katharine Mary, daughter of the Hon. Hugh Henry Hare, and obtained a divorce from her in 1902. He has two sons and a daughter.—[Photograph by Langlier.]

A lady, one of my friends, was attracted at Wiesbaden by the appearance of a kindly old gentleman wearing spectacles, who crumbled up biscuits and fed the sparrows in the park and the waterfowl on the lake with the crumbs. He was a foreigner, but he spoke very good English, and, making acquaintance with the lady, he talked to her pleasantly of English literature and of his English friends, showing that he was well acquainted with everything that passed in Great Britain. The lady was intensely surprised when she was told that her kindly old friend, who was so charitable to the birds and talked so well on the subject of modern British poets, was the most cruel man in Russia, the statesman who had expressed the savage hope that a third of the Jews in Russia would die of hunger.

The Khedive has given his views on the destiny of his country and his countrymen to a French interviewer, and in doing so has ignored the salvation of his country by the British, and has sighed for the good old days

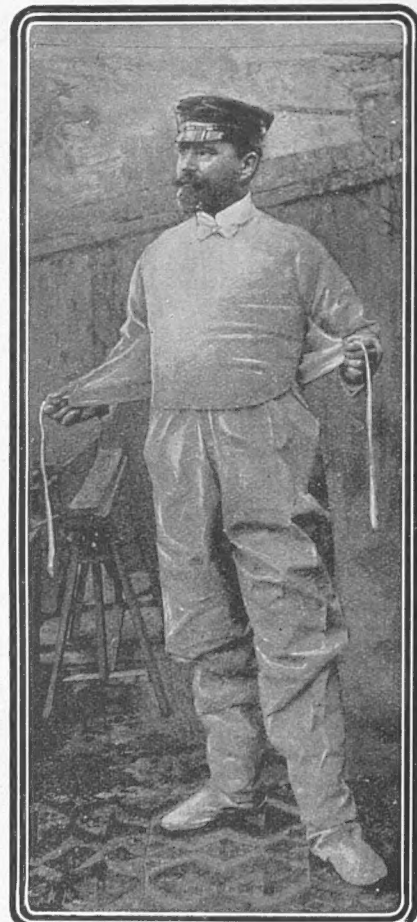
when the French and English wrangled under the Pyramids and the Egyptians took every advantage of the quarrel. To be a King in exile must be a bitter lot, but to be a King in a strait-waistcoat must be even more galling. The Khedive, young and eager, was brought up in an Austrian military college, and had all the ambitions of a soldier. To be the ruler of a land where he was nominally the head of the army, but where the real command was in the hands of the British, must have been very trying. People who were in personal attendance on him have told me that in the early days of his reign he frequently gave vent to his temper in private in outbursts against the British. This same temper provoked him to censure of the discipline and training of some native troops under British officers. Then Lord Cromer's iron hand fell upon him. The Sirdar sent in his resignation, and the ruler of the land had no alternative but to accept it, or to apologise for what he had said. The apology was forthcoming.

And now all through lower Egypt there is an agitation to get free from the restraint of having to be good boys under a British schoolmaster. The old danger of a descent of Fuzzy-Wuzzies from the Soudan has disappeared, for the Briton is firmly settled there as a policeman; but in the rich lands of the Delta all the intrigue that is always rampant when Orientals wax fat and kick is in full swing. The native officers of the Fellaheen



ONE OF THE PLAYERS IN THE OPENING GAME ON THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON'S NEW TENNIS-COURT: MR. PETER LATHAM.

The court is at Crabbett Park, Three Bridges, Sussex. Peter Latham, the professional tennis champion, and G. F. Covey played the opening game. Latham conceded 15 and a bisque.—[Photograph by Bowden.]



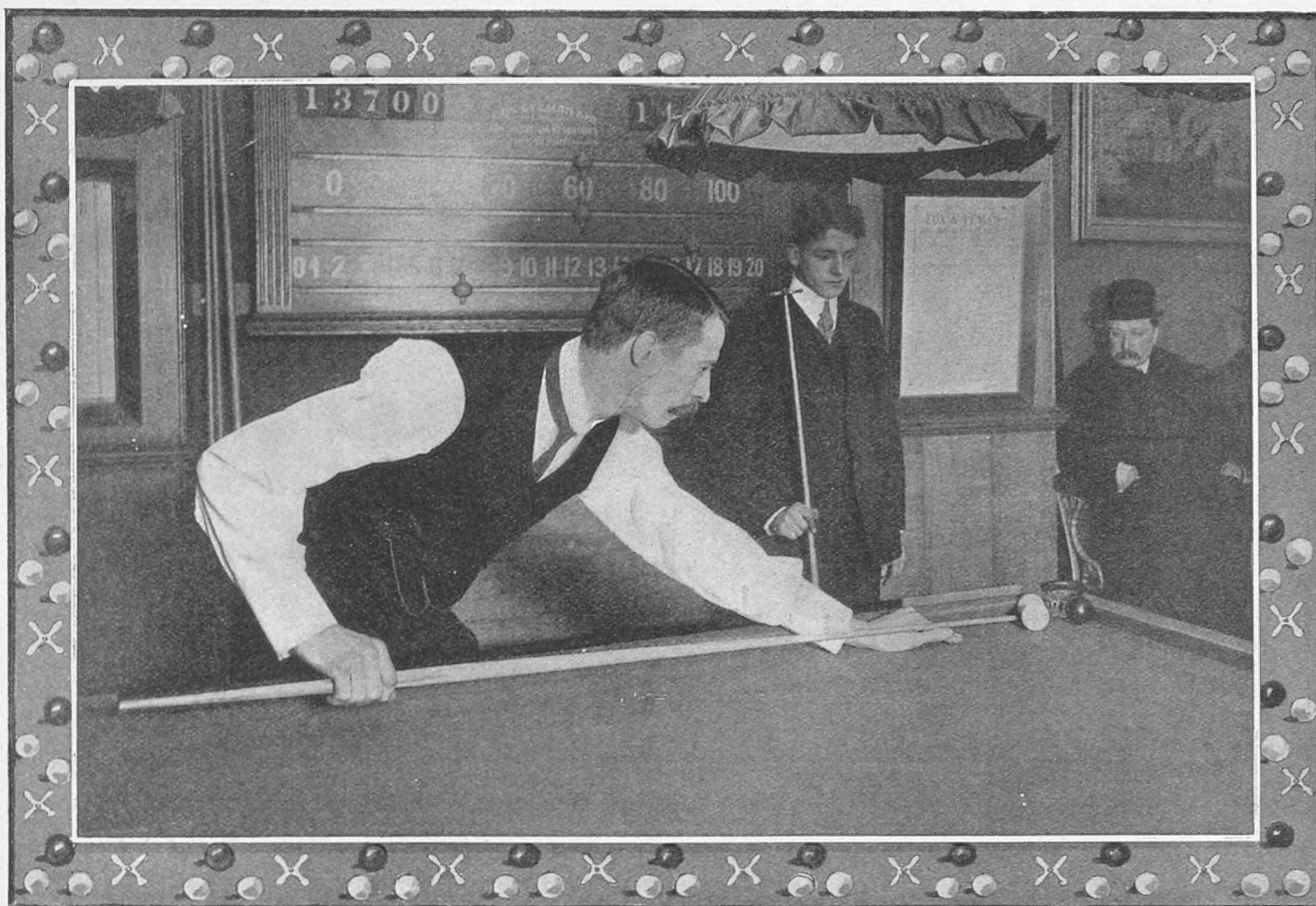
PAPER AS WARMING AS FUR: THE PAPER SUIT MADE AND WORN BY MR. CRABBE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The warmth-giving qualities of paper are well known, and Mr. Crabbe claims that his paper suit is as comfortable as the Polar explorer's fur coat. It is waterproof, very light, and easily packed up.

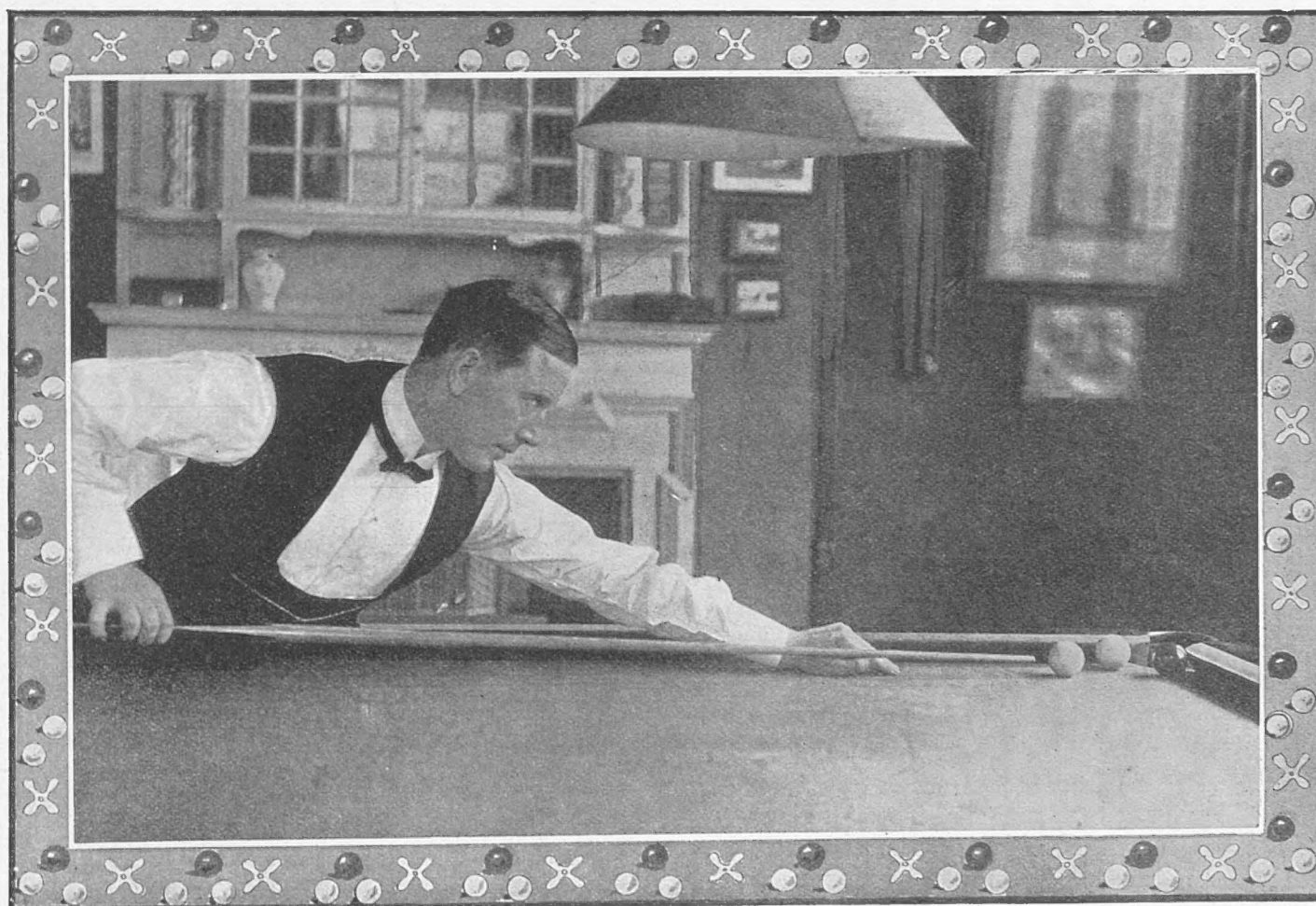
army are supposed to be too fond of talking politics in the cafés, and the Egyptian politician is determined to out-Herod the Bengali in demanding impossible laws and unwarrantable expenditures. The Khedive has an uncommonly difficult rôle to play. He dare not risk the danger of being considered unpatriotic by the noisy section of his own countrymen. He has unpleasant memories of the rap over the knuckles that his last act of ingratitude to Great Britain brought him, and he has, as well, to conciliate his third master, the Sultan. Last autumn I saw the Khedive's yacht go down the Bosphorus. She was dressed with all her bunting; the Khedive was on board, returning to his country after a sojourn at his palace on the Asiatic shore of the Straits. As the yacht came abreast of Yildiz Kiosk, she stopped, and all her flags were dipped to the Sultan. In Constantinople the Khedive is only the ruler of a Turkish province, and he is made to feel that his first duty is to obey his Turkish master. No wonder the Khedive longs as much as some of his subjects do for the return of the bad old days.



WONDERFUL BILLIARDS IN OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: 4593 NOT OUT!



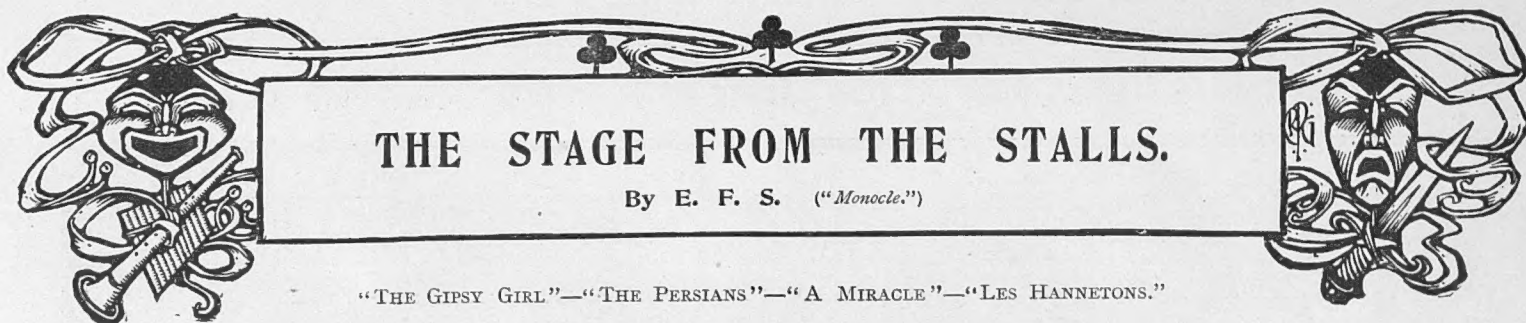
W. A. LOVEJOY, EX-AMATEUR CHAMPION, "INVENTOR" OF THE ANCHOR STROKE,



T. REECE, THE YOUNG OLDHAM PROFESSIONAL, CHIEF EXPLOITER OF THE ANCHOR STROKE, AND MAKER OF THE EXTRAORDINARY BREAK OF 4593 (UNFINISHED).

Reece's great break of 4593 (unfinished) does not stand as a record, as the game in which it was made was not played under Billiard Association rules.





By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE GIPSY GIRL"—"THE PERSIANS"—"A MIRACLE"—"LES HANNETONS."

AFTER a few minutes of "The Gipsy Girl" I rubbed my eyes, wondering whether, in a dream, I was witnessing some play of my early childhood concerning a beautiful female child stolen by the gipsies. However, the thought passed, for before me were the Misses Sybil and Grace Arundale, and they were delightful child performers not long ago; moreover, the music had the style (flattering term!) of the last few years. So although the tale and the humour and some of the jokes seemed coeval with my long-vanished childhood, the work of Mr. Claude Arundale is the latest, and by no means worst, of the countless musical comedies, whilst Miss Sybil Arundale is one of the most charming of the gipsy girls—who are not gipsy girls—in my memory. Indeed, her dancing and singing and acting were good enough to give the entertainment a right to existence—for a while. The music of Mr. Arundale has plenty of lively numbers of little originality. Miss Grace Arundale played agreeably; Messrs. Eastman and Fitzgerald strove manfully to be funny under rather adverse circumstances, and Mr. Gordon Cleather sang pleasantly. The audience seemed very well contented.

"The Persians" is a very old play—older, indeed, than "The Gipsy Girl," and I do not see anything save its antiquity and the name of Æschylus to recommend it to the Literary Theatre Society, which produced it and "A Miracle," by Mr. Granville Barker, at Terry's on the first sunny Saturday afternoon of the year. It may be doubted whether the production was fair to the author. The brilliant translation of Professor Gilbert Murray and some superb acting have given a new lease of life to works of Euripides at the Court, but they were pieces with an eternal interest in subject. "The Persians" is quite different, being local and transitory. In fact, it represents a grave, dignified piece of "mafficking" by the Athenians over the defeat of Xerxes and his colossal host. Mr. Farquharson, in the one effective part, that of the Messenger, acted with much ability, but paid rather too much attention to detail instead of general effect. Mr. Ryan's prose translation was dignified, yet uninspired. It is not amazing that some of us echoed the dirge of "Sorrow, sorrow," with which the gloomy work ended.

A feeling of doubt whether one is being "spoofed" is painful; I felt it during "A Miracle." Mr. Granville Barker is not only an actor of immense ability, but in "The Voysey Inheritance" has written one of the finest of modern comedies, and in "Prunella," with Mr. Housman, a beautiful, imaginative fairy-play; therefore, I expected much from his "experiment in dramatic metre (1900)," and when I found little but bewilderment, I could not help asking myself whether the affair might not be a solemn joke. Perhaps it was; probably not. Maybe it has a profound meaning and

mystic beauty that eluded me. Possibly the ladies failed to catch the rhythm of the verse. Certainly I do not know what the experiment was, and had no monopoly of ignorance. Still, there were some beautiful lines containing poetic ideas, and the general effect was agreeable, if puzzling. Margaret had a lovely face and form, but had lost her soul and capacity for loving: Baptista was a hunchback, and was alleged, quite untruly, to be ugly. So, by a miracle, on the prayer of Baptista, her soul passed into Margaret, and she died: what became of Margaret's soul or

of Margaret's body with Baptista's soul I do not know nor care. Miss Winifred Fraser played with much sincerity and charm as Baptista, and in the part of Margaret Miss Gwendolen Bishop looked very handsome and acted some scenes well.

"Les Hannetons," produced by the Stage Society at the Imperial, was an amusing work. The author is M. Brioux—a great favourite, apparently, of the society—who is a serious person with a mission, or several missions, of social reform, and he happens to be witty. Mr. H. M. Clark has translated the play into fluent, effective English. The serious aspect of the comedy—the awful warning of the sad consequences of extra conjugal alliances—did not seem very impressive, for the author's sense of fun had overpowered him, and the play became a diverting farce with a rather extravagant third act. Stripped of its serious purpose—unintentionally, no doubt—it seemed a little bit naughty; at times it almost reached the license of musical comedy. The efforts of Pierre, professor of natural history, to get rid of pretty Miss Charlotte, his wife in all but name, were amusing, and not the less amusing because in a base sense he loved her, and wished to separate for fear lest the irregular union should last a lifetime. For the moral—or rather, lesson—of the play is that these young ladies, these privateers of the matrimonial sea, are apt to become a bad habit of which it is difficult to get rid; like the gods of the tomb to whom Darios in "The Persians" referred, they are very unwilling to give up their prey, particularly when they grow old and plain and unable to chase

successfully. Still, we had a merry evening, with an occasional blush behind a programme. Some of the acting was remarkably good. Miss Mabel Hackney presented a very clever study of Charlotte, the fascinating, hysterical, common, passionate girl, and Mr. C. V. France, the Pierre, was quite masterly in his picture of the Professor. Mr. Edmund Gwenn gave a curious, really powerful piece of acting as Brochot, who falls in love with Charlotte. Mr. Nigel Playfair was ingeniously comic as an unfortunate man inextricably tied to the stay-strings of an elderly, ugly privateer. A neat piece of acting was given by Mr. Asheton Tonge, the concierge, and Miss Dora Barton played agreeably as "one of those ladies."



"A NEW DISCOVERY": MRS. RUSS WHYTAL, WHO IS NOW ON TOUR.

In a lengthy article, headed "A Coming Actress," Mr. J. T. Grein had much praise for Mrs. Russ Whytal. "If the word 'leading lady,'" he wrote, "has any meaning at all, it may be fitly applied to Mrs. Russ Whytal. It is in the interest of our stage that our managers should not lose this opportunity to afford a hearing to this gifted woman, who, I predict with confidence, will establish her reputation in London." Mrs. Whytal began a tour at the Theatre Royal, Hull, on Monday last. She remains there for a fortnight, and will then visit Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. She is playing, among other rôles, Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Rosalind in "As You Like It." The leading man of the company is Mr. G. S. Titheradge, who has been called "the Irving of Australia."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



"THE GIPSY GIRL," AT THE WALDORF.



KATRINA (MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE), THE LONG-LOST DAUGHTER OF COLONEL CHARLTON.



FREDDIE (MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD) AFTER A BOUT WITH THE LOCAL CHAMPION AT HUNTINGDON FAIR.



KATRINA, THE GIPSY GIRL (MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE), AS SHE APPEARS WHILE ON THE ROAD WITH THE CARAVAN.



HORATIO VICTORIOUS (MR. FRED EASTMAN) WITH HIS RING-CLEARING APPARATUS.

*Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.*



## SMALL TALK



LADY VIOLET MANNERS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

subscribed for by the ladies of England, was presented at the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's town house to the Spanish Ambassador on behalf of King Alfonso. Lady Violet Manners, or Lady Letty, as she is called in the intimate family circle, made her debut at the Grantham Ball last year, and it is a pathetic circumstance that not very long before his death her venerable grandfather, the old Duke, gave a ball in her honour at Belvoir. The sisters are very fond of their brother, Lord Granby, who is now an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, and comes just between them in point of age; but, of course, the pet of the family is little Lady

LADY MARJORIE and Lady Violet Manners, the two elder daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, may be said to have inherited the striking good looks of both their parents. Lady Marjorie is undoubtedly the possessor of the artistic genius of her mother, and she was not the least interested spectator the other day when a bust of the Queen of Spain,

Diana, who is so much younger than her brother and sisters.



"THE GIRL WITH THE ANGEL FACE":  
MRS. CHARLES R. ELlicOTT.

Mrs. Ellicott is the daughter of an American Army officer, and is said to have posed for more angel pictures than any other girl in the world. She was Miss Violet Blossom Conrad, and she married Mr. Ellicott at a Birthday Surprise party, given for her in New York. In the State House at Des Moines, Iowa, Mrs. Ellicott is represented by three figures of angels.

Photograph by Topical Press.

### The Picture of 1907?

Everyone will remember Mr. John Collier's famous picture of last year, "The Cheat," which gave rise to so much discussion as to which of the party of bridge-players had been cheating. This year, it is whispered, Mr. Collier has found an equally striking subject, which bids fair to be the picture of 1907. It has the same title as one of Mr. Orchardson's—"Un Mariage de Convenance"; but whereas the older painter depicted the disillusionment of the couple after their marriage, Mr. Collier leaves the husband to imagination. His scene is between the mother and the daughter. The bridal finery lying on the bed shows that it is the eve of the wedding; the dull despair in the girl's eyes and her crouching attitude make a dramatic contrast with the erect, determined figure of the mother. Those who have been privileged to see the picture declare that you can almost hear the girl saying—"Mamma, I can't do it!" and the mother answering—"Don't be a fool, child!"

### Municipal Matrimony.

The authorities of Iowa City have gone one better than the ancient Romans, who were wont to allow the father of three (or more) children considerable reductions on his income tax, so to speak. These modern municipal tyrants present a pistol at the head of every male Iowan of suitable age and say, "Marry or be—taxed."

No use for Strephon to explain that Phyllis won't have him; the American Mr. Bumble, indifferent to all the finer shades of feeling, simply bids him go and marry somebody—Chloe, perhaps, or Dorinda: what does it matter as long as it is a woman not already married to someone else? Would the Progressives on the London County Council have come to this if they had not been checked by the Municipal Reformers? Or can it be that a Suffragette majority rules in Iowa City? We can fancy Mrs. Pankhurst, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, simply taxing bachelors out of existence; but, for the moment, like bicycles and babies, they are fairly safe with Mr. Asquith. The latch-key voter is almost always a bachelor, and it would never do to offend him!



LADY MARJORIE MANNERS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

### The Immortality Tariff.

It cannot be generally known that nearer home than Chicago we have had a greater than the Prophet Dowie. There must be many who knew this wonder. He was a sincere, God-fearing man, the Rev. Tresham Gregg, Grand Chaplain of the Orangemen of Ireland, and was as convinced as mortal man can be that he had discovered the secret of eternal life on earth. He tackled Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, though they were of different faiths, and offered to initiate him into the mysteries of his discovery. He had pieced the latter together from a careful study of the Scriptures in the original. All that his followers had to do was simply to comply with the inexorable Scriptural conditions; the rest was easy. He had assured himself of eternal life in the flesh, and had gathered about him in Dublin a company of immortals in the flesh. As he meant to do great things with his eternal life, he must have money. Those upon whom he conferred the undying life were to pay in proportion to their incomes; persons of £100,000 a year, £10,000, and so on. What would have come of the scheme had it run long enough it is hard to say. Unfortunately, the first of the immortals, the founder of the order himself, was so inconsiderate as to die.

### A DRAMATIC CRITIC WHO HAS FOUGHT AN AUTHOR: M. ADOLPHE BRISSON.

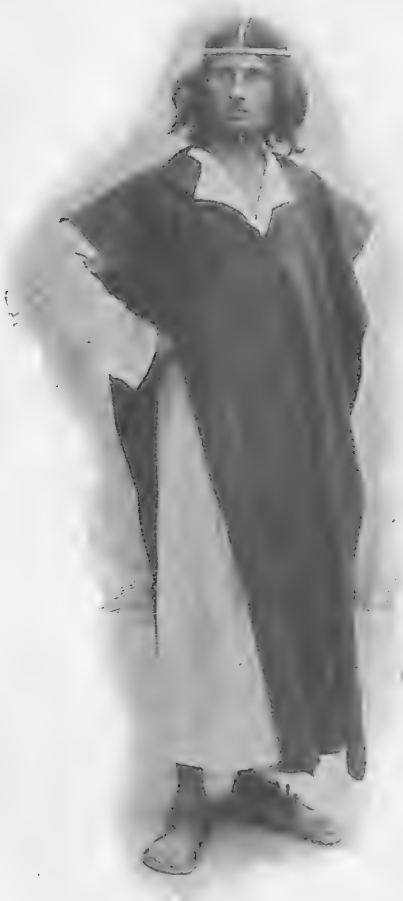
M. Brisson is dramatic critic of the "Temps," and recently said some severe things about the new piece, "Paris-New York," of which M. Emmanuel Arène is part-author. The result was a vigorous letter from M. Arène and a challenge from M. Brisson. In the duel that followed M. Arène was wounded in the arm.

Photograph by Boissonnas &amp; Taponier.

### A STRANGELY CLAD TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE: M. KURZROCK, OF CAIRO.

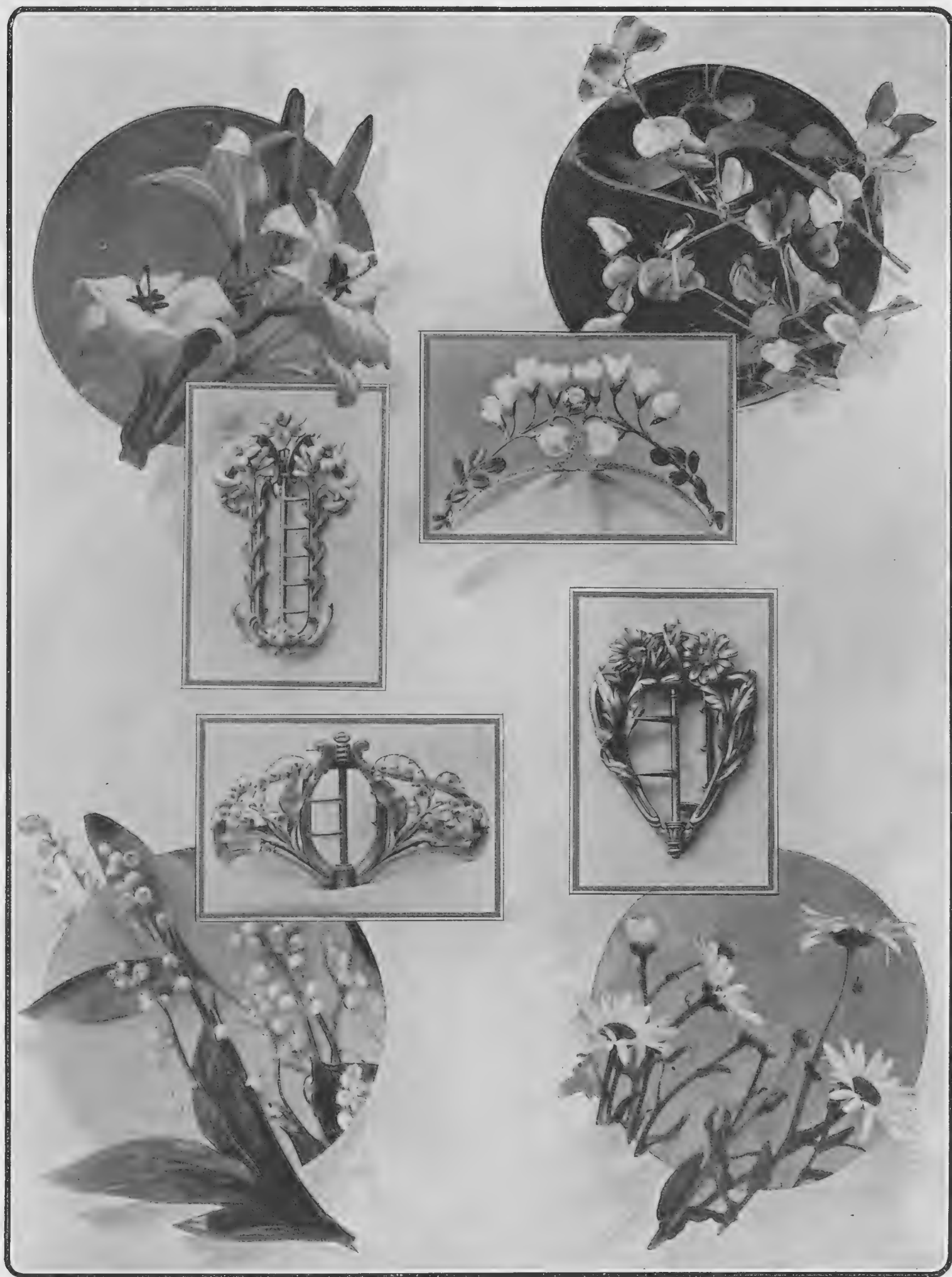
M. Kurzrock, a temperance apostle, is causing some sensation in Cairo, where he is preaching and selling his own literature to collect funds to found a home where people with scant means can regain the health lost by working under bad conditions. He wears a long shirt of rough cloth, sandals, and a kind of black smock; his hair is held by a straw plait.

Photograph by Bolak.





## LIVING FLOWER JEWELLERY: A SUGGESTION ILLUSTRATED.



We show on this page the manner in which the flower is utilised by the designer of jewellery. Why should not the ingenious artificer go still further, and make settings in which real flowers could be placed? It should be possible to obtain some excellent and novel effects.





A POSSIBLE FUTURE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. ELIHU ROOT.

Mr. Root has the reputation of being one of the strongest men in the Cabinet, and it is more than probable that the future will see him President of the United States. Like many an American politician, he was "in the law," and he gave up £20,000 a year when he joined the Cabinet.

*Photograph by the Prince Studio.*

where. Thus it will be remembered that on one occasion during Mr. Balfour's Premiership it took place at Wynyard Park, the seat of Lord Londonderry, who was then Lord President of the Council.

#### *The King as a Lover of Beauty.*

Meanwhile, his Majesty is evidently thoroughly enjoying his well-earned holiday. It is interesting to note that the King conversed on one occasion with the Mayor of Biarritz, who was presented to him, and that he took occasion to remonstrate with his Worship on the amount of tree-cutting that had been done in the neighbourhood. His Majesty is a great lover of natural beauty, as he has shown by his keen interest in the magnificent woods and forests at Windsor. He also expressed regret that the town of Bayonne, which is only six miles from Biarritz, was pulling down the historically interesting Porte de France.

*President Elihu.* Whatever may be the case in other parts of the United States, there

THE action of King Edward in commissioning the Prince of Wales to hold a Council on his Majesty's behalf is an interesting sign of the way in which our Sovereign is associating the Heir-Apparent with himself in the duties of his exalted station. The Council was at Marlborough House, and it is probably the first time that it has been held there, though, as a matter of fact, it can sit anywhere.



THE RESTLESS PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN: DON CARLOS, WITH HIS WIFE.

Don Carlos makes his exile a very pleasant one. Much of his time has been spent in Venice, where he is enabled by the wealth of his wife, Princess Maria de Rohan, to keep almost regal state. The world is his home, and he does not stay in one place for long.

income. He is liked as well as trusted, for he is a pleasant, amiable man as well as strong and resolute. "Hi, Jimmie," he called one day to an office-boy, "who has carried off my paper-basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly, the caretaker, Sir," answered the boy. Soon afterwards

Mr. Root summoned the same minion to ask another question, and was informed that "Mr. Lantz, the window-cleaner," had done something or other. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here; we don't 'Mister' them. Do you understand?" Presently the boy popped his head through the doorway. "There's a man here as wants you, Elihu," he said.

#### *The Man Who was King.*

Although Loyalists call him a Pretender, Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, is to all the Carlists King Charles VII. of Spain. As such he reigned, in a way, over the greater part of Northern Spain between the years 1872-76. Since then he has lived in apparently happy retirement in a fairy palace on the Grand Canal, in Venice. He married, first, the Princess Marguerite de Bourbon, of the Parma branch, and by her had four daughters and one son, Don Jaime, the Young Pretender, who turned up at the Vatican to protest to the Pope against the King of Spain's marriage to the then Protestant Princess. The present wife of Don Carlos was Princess de Rohan,



BELGIUM'S SOCIALIST PRINCESS: COUNTESS LONYAY, WHO IS TO LIVE IN ENGLAND.

Countess Lonyay, second daughter of the King of the Belgians, is to settle in England. It will be remembered that she married the Archduke Rudolph of Austria, who died in 1889, and then created a sensation by wedding Count Lonyay. She is credited with decidedly Socialistic views.



BULGARIA'S HONOURED HEIR: PRINCE BORIS, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED LIEUTENANT IN THE BULGARIAN ARMY.

Prince Ferdinand has recognised the twelfth birthday of his son, Prince Boris, by appointing him a lieutenant in his army. At the time of the little Prince's birth, his father and mother differed as to the religious training he should receive. He was baptised in the Greek Orthodox faith.

can be no doubt as to the unimpeachable integrity of the men who compose the Cabinet. One of the strongest of these is Mr. Elihu Root, in whom careful observers see a future President. Like Mr. Choate, he threw up a fine position at the Bar, where he was making £20,000 a year, to enter the Cabinet. Even should he reach the Presidency, he will receive but £10,000 a year as inclusive



A ROYAL HEIR WHOSE DAYS AS HEIR ARE NUMBERED: PRINCE ALPHONSE OF BOURBON-SICILY.

The little Prince will remain heir to the throne of Spain until an heir is born to King Alfonso. He is the eldest son of the young King's sister, Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, whose sad death in 1905 will be recalled, and was born in November 1901.

and brought him an immense fortune and much happiness. He has needed all her loving kindness, for his daughters have brought him sore trouble. His favourite daughter, Elvira, eloped with a painter, a married man, who was afterwards found shot in her presence; one of her sisters, Princess Alix, eloped with an Italian officer; while another, wife of Prince Fabrizio Massimo, attempted suicide in Rome.



THE HAUNTED CHÂTEAU OF THE KING OF GREECE.

An Athens newspaper states that a ghost—"an extremely tall woman with a skull-like head and long white hair"—is haunting the chateau here illustrated, which belongs to King George, and has frightened many of the royal servants almost out of their wits.



## MR. WALTER ROTHSCHILD'S £20,000 BOOK ON BIRDS:

INTERESTING SPECIMENS IN THE FAMOUS ROTHSCHILD MUSEUM AT TRING PARK.



The Hon. Walter Rothschild will publish shortly, through Messrs. Hutchinson, a volume on "Extinct Birds." This has cost its author some £20,000, and only three hundred copies, at £25 each, will be printed in English. Every endeavour has been made to render the work imperishable, and to this end there has been much experimenting with inks and paper. The paper for the work cost eighteenpence a pound; the blocks for the coloured plates over a thousand pounds.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**An Inverted World.**

of their lives: go to bed by day, and see the wonders of London by night, when the man in the street is not there. What a number of men have to do this regularly. The paper which we welcome to the breakfast-table has for the most part been written, edited, printed, and machined by men whose lives are one long night. One man, when briefs justify it, bravely sports wig and gown during the day, then fills an important chair in a newspaper office throughout great part of the night. He must be a miracle incarnate, and will so believe when he finds that twenty-fifth diurnal hour for which he is looking. The strangest of night birds, however, are three old ladies who reside in a London suburb much affected by burglars. They sleep while the sun is up; they rise and make night their day, and guard their household gods while the rest of their local world should be sleeping.



A SILHOUETTE-HEAD CORK.

**Unlettered Genius.**

With our vastly growing Physical Laboratory, with our promised Charlottenburg, and with a new spirit of enterprise animating the Universities, the youth of to-morrow's England should be as well equipped as the youth of Germany and America. But let us not despise the day of small things and scanty education. There flourishes in this country to-day a railway, yielding a princely revenue, which was built by a man who could not sign his own name. His lieutenant survives him. He, too, can neither read nor write, yet he is a man of infinite capacity, and has carried out some huge contracts. True, he uses pencil and note-book, but only to scrawl a cross, a nought or two, and a possible imitation of an arrow or dagger. These complete the gamut of his memoranda. They suffice. He carries the rest in his head. He dictates the result to a penman, and has never been known to be more than ten pounds out in respect of the actual cost of the work for which he tenders. Another man memorises the multifarious transactions of a big business throughout the day and dictates them at night to his wife, who is his book-keeper.

**A Banking Secret.**

How does the illiterate with a banking account conduct his affairs? The problem has been solved by a man who, though he is worth a fortune of six figures, every penny of it made by himself, knows no more of letters than he did on the day he was born. His wife makes out the cheques, and signs them, say, "Mary Anne Jones for William Jones." He travels

far afield for a deal. He may buy stock in Scotland, or a drove of horses in Wales. She accompanies him and draws the cheque. But he has a safeguard; he makes a secret sign of his own upon the cheque. Unless that mark, known outside his home only at the bank, be upon the cheque, the bank will not honour it. So, when he buys horses, it may be, he gives a cheque made out, apparently, in the ordinary way by his wife. If when he gets his purchases home they prove to be all right, he apologises for the little mistake over the cheque and makes his mark upon it. Should any of the horses be not according to agreement, however, he takes advantage of the position. "I'll make the payment right when you make the horses right, or allow me for the wrong ones," he says.

**Counsel for Divinity.**

Surely no other tribunal in the world has such curious causes before it as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The latest experience of its members is to try an action from India in which one set of idol-worshippers sued another set of idol-worshippers with respect to a monopoly of the right to practise rites at the shrine of a certain god. The same body once



THE LATEST THING IN CORKS.

The style of cork illustrated is steadily growing in fashion in Germany. Herr Otto Voight is the artist. The figures are of brass, hand-cut and oxydised.



A SILHOUETTE-HEAD CORK.

had before it an even stranger case than this. Lord Justice Rigby, when at the Bar, was briefed on behalf of no less a person than the great god Vishnu. The argument was that a difference existed between the hundred-and-seventh and hundred-and-eighth incarnations. The question was whether certain property had belonged to the god in his physical capacity, or whether it became his upon his attaining immortality. The later incarnation sued the earlier, saying that the property belonged to the god's divine self, and had not been acquired by him before in the flesh.

**Time's Revenge.** The interest which Lord Crewe has taken in the Keats-Shelley memorial serves to recall a strikingly stupid pronouncement against the judgment of his father. In days when the genius of Keats was still savagely assailed by one of the thundering reviews, Monckton Milnes held steadfastly to his affection for the poet, as well as loyally proclaiming the talents of Tennyson. He was thus admonished by the review which had helped to break the heart of Keats—"... Monckton Milnes will hereafter obey one good precept in an otherwise doubtful Decalogue, 'Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope,' and regret few sins of his youth more bitterly than the homage he has now rendered at the fantastic shrines of such baby-idols as Mr. John Keats and Mr. Alfred Tennyson." He did not regret that homage, nor does his discerning son.



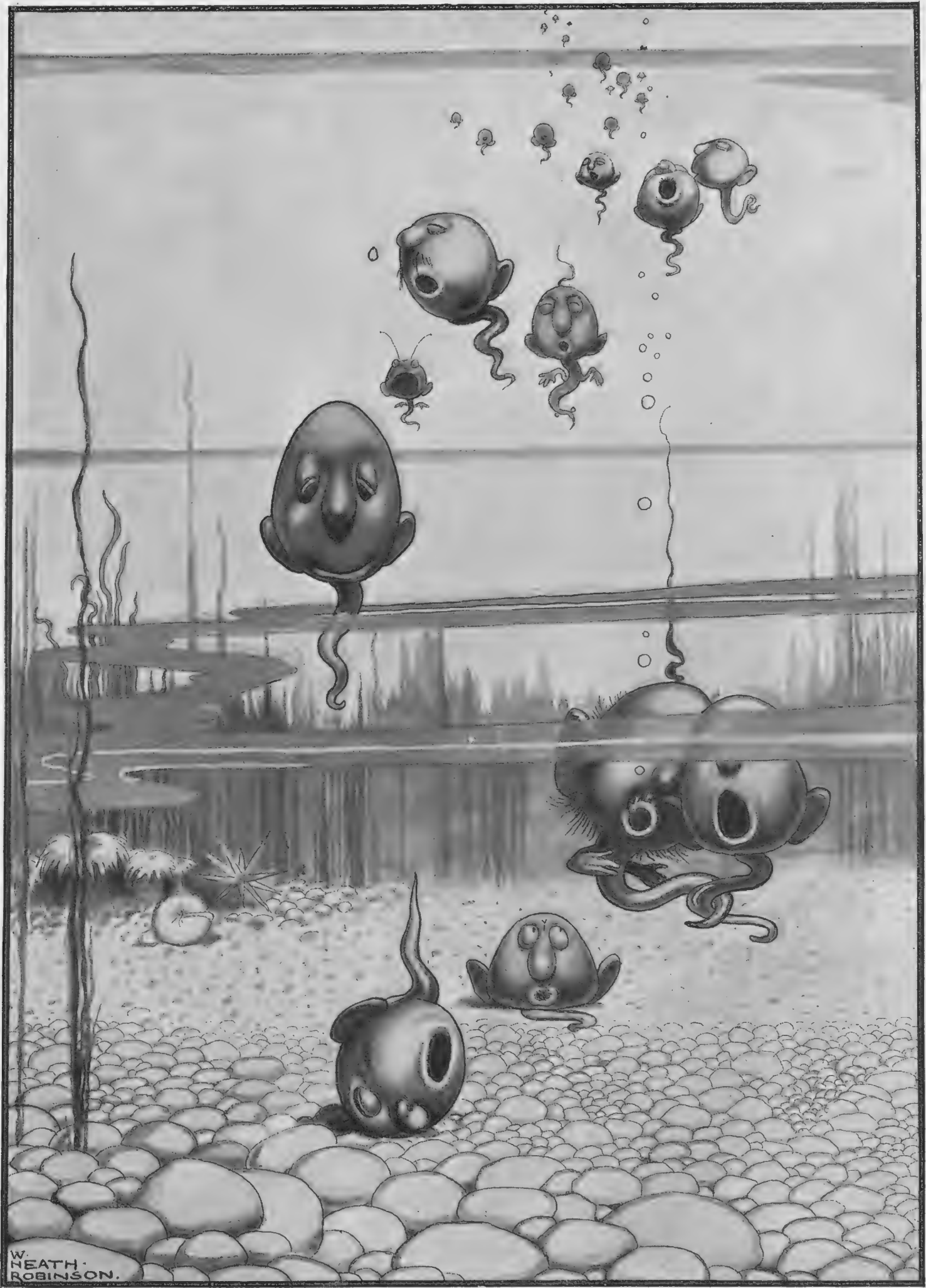
TRAINING SOLDIERS AS FIREMEN: THE 15TH HUSSARS AT JUMPING-NET PRACTICE.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



“THE SKETCH” THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE II.—THE WIGGULOZOA.

The Wiggulozoa roaming the lonely seas of the Ohmyocene Age.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE continuous laughter Mr. Huntley Wright conjures up by his performance in "The Lady Dandies" cannot fail to be as gratifying to him as it is to the patrons of Daly's Theatre. His success in his latest part is in striking contrast with an incident he tells of one memorable evening in his life, when he was particularly anxious to produce a good impression on two members

of the audience—Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving. He was acting in Edinburgh at the time, and the Lyceum company was also in that city, though what induced the famous actors to visit the little theatre in which he was playing Mr. Huntley Wright never knew. Incredible as it may seem, when his slight figure and physique are considered, Mr. Wright had to act villains and similar parts. On the night in question, he had to overcome and bind the hero, represented by an actor six feet tall. Later in the act, the hero was released by an explosion which shattered the walls of his prison and enabled him to escape through the opening. In the presence of the two leading actors of the day Mr. Wright was more nervous, if not more intense, than usual. He succeeded in tying up the hero, but in the scuffle the cap he wore fell off, and the scene being dark and he being very near-sighted, he could not see it, so he began to grope for it. Eventually he felt something, and picked it up. Unfortunately, it was not the cap but the mine, which was primed ready to explode. It exploded! The hole duly appeared in the wall, while the hero, turning his back to it, audibly lamented his fate and wondered how he was going to escape, as he should have done half-an-hour later. Naturally, the scene was ruined, and the audience roared at the contretemps. Mr. Huntley Wright made his exit exceedingly angry with himself at the mishap, the effect of which was intensified for him by the measure of his desire for the success of the scene. In his chagrin, being still without his glasses, he sat down on what appeared to him to be a stool. It was a fire-bucket, and full of water!

Many had been the changes in the nomenclature of "The Gipsy Girl" before it was produced at the Waldorf. At first, Mr. Claude Arundale wrote it as a romantic opera; then, on the advice of friends, he modified the work and called it comic opera. Another change brought it to musical comedy, and yet another to the musical play, in which form it was finally produced. Its origin was the pretty compliment of a brother's recognition of a sister's talent, and the desire to furnish her with a greater opportunity than she had yet enjoyed. The book, such of the lyrics as were not done by Mr. Follett Thorpe, and the music were all written after midnight, for Mr. Arundale, who is an architect by profession, could not settle down to work until after the household went to bed.

In connection with the parts he played in the production Mr. Arundale tells an amusing story. An old billposter was engaged in putting up the picture-posters against the Waldorf Theatre. While he was at work the stage-manager of the Gaiety and a friend

passed. "What sort of a man is this Mr. Claude Arundale, who has written the book and the lyrics and composed the music of 'The Gipsy Girl.' They tell me, too," said the latter, "he has designed the posters and the scenery and the dresses. I never heard of him before." "There he is," said the stage-manager, with a twinkle in his eye, "posting the bills. You don't suppose a man

like that would let anybody else do it, do you?" Naturally, the story has been over-coloured for the sake of the effect, for Mr. Arundale has not done quite so many things as he has been credited with doing.

At the trial matinée of "The Gipsy Girl" Miss Sybil Arundale had to act under most disadvantageous conditions. Her costumes were stolen with some seventy others, and at the last moment substitutes had to be found for them. One dress was simply pinned on, while, for the Toe Solo Dance, Mlle. Genée very kindly lent one of her ballet-dresses.

As Miss Grace Arundale also takes part in "The Gipsy Girl," three of the four brothers and sisters who make up the family are concerned in its production. The fourth, a brother, is on the Stock Exchange.

It is not often that brothers and sisters appear in each other's plays. An example occurred some years ago, when Mr. H. B. Irving played with his brother Laurence in the latter's "Time, Hunger, and the Law," which was produced at a matinée at the Criterion. Mr. Laurence Irving furnished an example of a father producing and acting in his son's play with his "Peter the Great." That incident was repeated a short time ago when Mr. Edward Compton successfully produced and acted the leading part in "The Gentleman in Grey," by his son, Mr. Montague Compton Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took a second in History—the same degree as Mr. H. B. Irving. He was business manager of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, and with it played the Duke in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night," Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice," and Phidippides in "The Clouds." He founded, with Mr. Bernard Coke and Mr. Henry de Selincourt, who has also just published his first novel, a review called "The Oxford Point of View," of

which he was the editor. Although Mr. Mackenzie is not on the stage, and is a student in the Inner Temple, he inherits the family gift for acting, and demonstrated it in the same week in which his father produced his play by playing Charles Surface one night and Bob Acres the next, in consequence of Mr. Compton's illness. One of the striking successes in "The Gentleman in Grey" was made by Miss Mackenzie, a sister of the dramatist, in the broad-comedy part of a maid.



A DAINTY MERVEILLEUSE: MISS PHYLLIS BARKER IN "THE LADY DANDIES."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



NAPOLEON I. CLEMENCEAU—AN AMUSING LIVING CARICATURE IN "LA REVUE DU CENTENAIRE," AT THE VARIÉTÉS, PARIS.

Napoleon I. Clemenceau and Louis XVIII. Jaurès, form the prologue of the new revue at the famous Théâtre des Variétés, and their appearance causes much amusement.

Photograph by Boyer.



WHEN THE AIR TURNED BLUE.



THE FARE: How dare you use such terrible language to the poor horse!

THE CABBY: Can't 'elp it, Mum; but if you was a real lady you wouldn't understand it.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. ZANGWILL on the platform is a living illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. Interesting as he looks, he has not the presence of an orator; and his voice is of the cracked-kettle order. "It's not so much the wooer who woos, As the wooer's way of wooing," the ballad declares; and there are people who say glibly of literature that what really matters is not what you say but your way of saying it. But Mr. Zangwill carries his audience altogether by what is said; it is the matter that matters after all. Even his manner, though the worst in the world, becomes endeared to the listener, who laughs all the time—not *at* him, but *with* him, as the phrase goes; but Mr. Zangwill never laughs at his own jokes. His best speeches are his Zionist speeches, which few hear; but he is always in good form on a Suffragette platform, and his bravery was further displayed when he bearded Mr. Bernard Shaw at the recent meeting of the Authors' Society. Mr. Zangwill pays his audience the compliment of preparing the first passages of his speech; then, if the audience be sympathetic, he composes as the marvelously ready humour takes him.

The English journalists who misspell the name of the French Premier by putting an accent on the first "e" in "Clemenceau" may henceforth quote a high French precedent. M. Hanotaux, in his "History of Contemporary France," thus misspells

a score of times the patronymic of the ruler of France. Perhaps it is ignorance; or perhaps it is hauteur posing as ignorance. Not to care to know the correct spelling of one's Prime Minister, when one is an Academician and has been in a Cabinet, is an indifference which may be real or may be assumed. One has heard of similar slurs supposedly cast in England, as when Mr. Housman was referred to as Mr. Houseboat; and a letter was addressed to "Edmund Goose, Esq."

Is it because of the prick of the conscience that America makes such good restitution to Europe for the things that are carried away over the Atlantic? Having denuded England of the relics of her poets, Americans carefully preserve their memories in our midst. It is some years since the memorial to Keats was set up in Hampstead Church by the hands of strangers—though Mr. Gosse, invited on a Morris-printed card, did the actual unveiling of the bust. And while Stafford House, equally serviceable for London's most gorgeous parties, or for "homespuns," or the relics of our "Keateses" (as a too-slashing reviewer, with much the same sense of the plural as the Newlyn fishwives who call their painter-lodgers "artistses," once named a group of poets), has served the cause, it is entirely American initiative that has brought about the purchase of the house in the Piazza di Spagna, in Rome, where Keats stayed and died. It is true that England has long hall-marked those walls; but "tea-rooms" is a phrase whose associations have nothing to do with the author of "Endymion," and is better away if only because it goes so ill with the Roman crowd that gathers beneath it—the nicest crowd in all Rome—and equally badly with the great bank of Roman flowers that, even at this moment, is scenting the whole Piazza.

Mr. Hall Caine, we know, "did" Rome before he memorised it in "The Eternal City," and the vulgar rumour of the day declared that he was almost as "Jesuitical" as the priests of his story in his attempts on the privacy of the Vatican. And now it seems that Mr. Douglas Sladen has been as busy. Does his rather portentously titled volume, "The Secrets of the Vatican," shed light on any really dark places and scenes, or does it, which would be more interesting, tell us why at three o'clock in the afternoon the aroma of coffee curls round the antique marbles in the sculpture galleries, invades the gorgeous Borghese apartments, lurks in each corridor, and is hardly excluded from the Sistine Chapel itself? Has each Cardinal his own coffee-mill? does each Monsignor make his own cup? It is the first thing we shall look for when Mr. Sladen's book—which "is an account of the things not generally known to those who only speak English, about the Pope, his Cardinals, his officials, and his guards"—comes to hand. Meanwhile we have it on the

best authority that the book is altogether discreet.

Mr. Richard Whiteing lacks only one mark of the truly great—an indifference to the newspaper paragraph about himself. He sees it, he is conquered, and he explains. He is not an enthusiastic Woman Suffragist, he now tells us; but whether he is enthusiastic and not a Suffragist, or a Suffragist and not enthusiastic, I could not at first quite

make out. In the end, I decided that he was an advocate of votes for women, but an adversary of their methods to get these votes.

Not many of the little townships of Sussex have had the luck to make two appearances in poetry. Those who ever read Mr. Francis Thompson's poems will hardly need to be reminded of the lines—

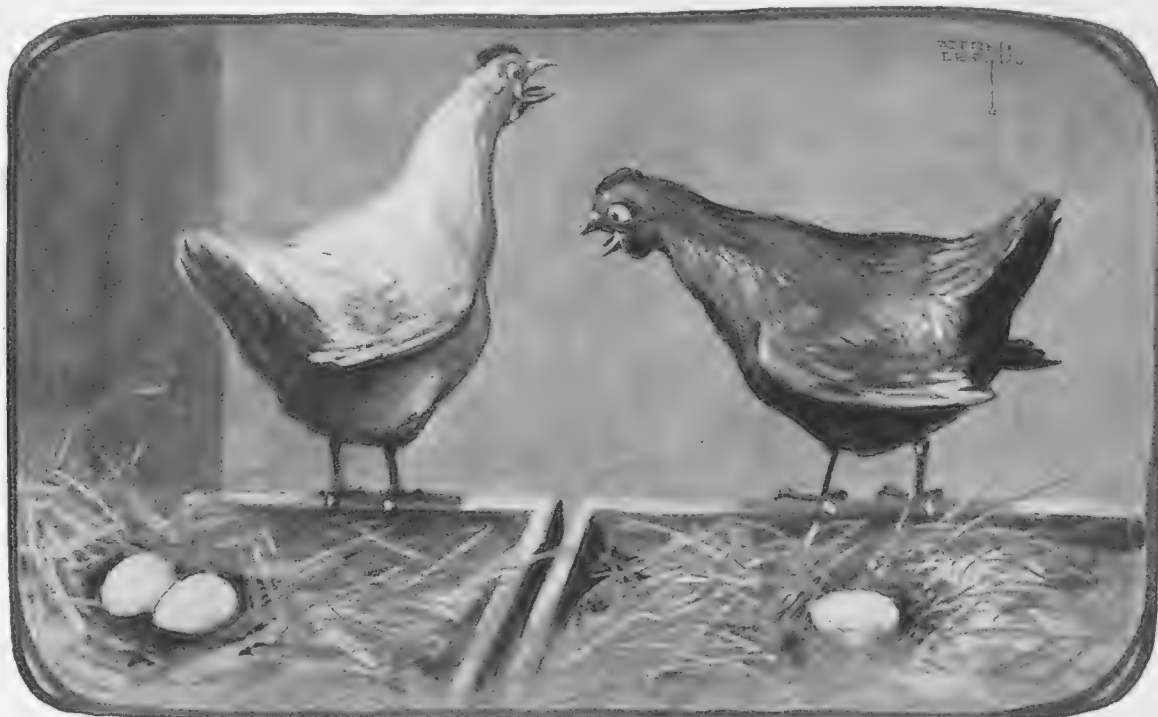
Oh, there were flowers in Storrington,  
On the turf and on the spray;  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy flower that day—

Daisy being the name of the village girl he met upon that romantic bit of moorland. And now in the *Dublin Review*—which sounds sufficiently far afield—Mr. Hilaire Belloc, a true Sussex patriot, writes a poem in praise of "Courtesy"—

Of Courtesy: it is much less  
Than courage of heart or holiness;  
Yet in my walks it seems to me  
The Grace of God is in Courtesy.  
  
On monks I did in Storrington fall;  
They took me straight into their hall;  
I saw three pictures on a wall,  
And Courtesy was in them all.

Perhaps the bowing angels of whom we go on to read have fascinations for Mr. Belloc after the hurly-burly in the House of Commons. But even there Mr. Belloc has his bowing men when they pass the Speaker's chair.

M. E.



RACING NOTIONS: LAYING TWO TO ONE.

DRAWN BY A. LEETE.



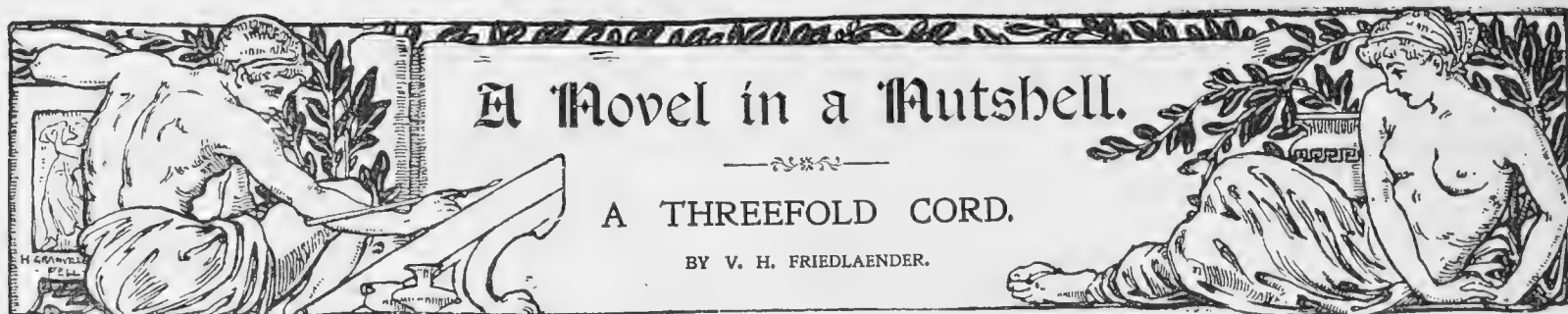
"NO FLOWERS, BY REQUEST."



THE DOCTOR: You know, don't you, that this is only to be used externally?

THE PATIENT'S WIFE: Oh, yes. I always makes 'im get out o' bed to drink it.

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



BIDDY stood before her glass, absorbed in her own reflection. She wore a short-waisted, blue-muslin gown and a soft white fichu, and her hair, through which she had threaded a slender band of gold, was knotted loosely on her neck.

Stephen Woodward, passing her open door, glanced in.

"Eileen!" he whispered, and for a mad instant the years melted away and became as an unbearable dream.

Biddy turned with a little startled cry.

"Daddy!" she faltered, and broke the spell.

He walked to the window and looked out unseeingly.

"How did you know, Biddy?" he asked, with an effort.

"Know what?"

"How she—she used to do her hair?"

Biddy caught the tremor in his voice, and flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, daddy darling, have I hurt you so? I didn't mean you to see, of course. But I just had to try it on. I found it in a trunk in the lumber-room when I was hunting for my German dictionary to take back to the convent. And I knew about her hair because I found this in the trunk, too." She held out a photograph, and he took it eagerly. "How lovely she was, daddy! I wish I could ever be a little like her."

Her father sighed. "You are like her; more like her every day—and in every way."

Biddy's eyes grew reproachful. "Daddy, do you love her so, that you can't bear even *me* to be a little like her?"

"No, no! You don't understand. You're—you're fanciful, Biddy." He comforted her remorsefully, and Biddy gave him an affectionate hug.

"Oh, and look, daddy"—she darted to the dressing-table—"I found this letter of hers to you, too, and I'd read it before I thought whether you'd mind. Do you?"

He glanced at it. "No, I don't mind," he said slowly. Biddy's eyes were dreamy. "What a dear letter," she whispered, "isn't it?"

"Yes," he said; but his voice had hardened. Had it not been written only a month before—

"And, daddy," pursued Biddy, "look, at the end she says, 'And how is my sweet Honey?' Was *I* Honey?"

He answered with an effort. "Your mother used to call you that."

"Honey." Biddy lingered on the word. "It sounds almost like—like a kiss, doesn't it?" she said tremulously. "Oh, daddy, it makes me feel lonely."

He drew her to him with tender words, but she felt that his eyes unconsciously avoided her dress. With impulsive haste she began to unknit the fichu.

"You can't bear it. I'll take it off, and put on my horrid old school-dress again."

Every word, every movement was her mother's. He almost cried out to her to be silent as he clasped her two small hands in his.

Then of a sudden his resolution was taken. What was the use of struggling? If he kept her at the strict convent-school to the extreme time-limit, if he dressed her in sackcloth and ashes, Biddy would still be her mother's daughter. All his efforts could only delay, not prevent. And meanwhile, what if his commands should alienate Biddy?

"You must wonder, Biddy," he began slowly, "why you have never been allowed to wear any but the plainest clothes, why I have forbidden jewellery to you, and refused almost all invitations for you."

For an instant Biddy looked wistfully at the dainty reflection in the glass. Then she smiled up at him.

"But I don't mind, daddy," she said valiantly.

He shook his head. "Sweet fibber," he smiled, and the tenderness in his voice rewarded her.

He took out his pocket-book and handed her a note.

"It was because I had a theory," he explained. "I needn't go into it, because it's now exploded. We're going to celebrate the explosion."

Biddy read the note and clapped her hands. "Oh, daddy, *this* way? I may go to the *matinée* to-morrow with the Markhams?"

He nodded. "And, Biddy, I'm going to write to Mrs. Markham and ask her to meet you in the morning and take you to buy some clothes."

"Clothes? But I've got all I want for next term."

He shook his head, smiling. "Not linen collars and square-toed shoes, Biddy, but laces and muslins, and things like —" he indicated her dress. "You're seventeen, and nearly grown up."

Biddy's eyes sparkled. "Oh! oh!" she murmured.

"Wait a minute," he said, and left her. When he came back Biddy was loosening her hair.

"Leave it up," he said softly; "it's part of the celebrations. So is this."

Biddy sighed in sheer delight. He had clasped a chain round her neck, and from it hung a star-shaped pendant set with pearls.

"Was it hers?" Biddy whispered.

He nodded.

Suddenly Biddy's lips trembled. "I wish you could love me as much as her," she said wistfully.

His arms tightened round her, and he kissed her raised lips. But he could not lie to her.

"You're such a close second, little Biddy," he whispered.

At the garden gate Biddy pointed to an open window.

"There's daddy," she said softly, with dancing eyes. "I can just see the top of his dear head. Shall we creep up and take him by surprise?"

The actress shook her head. "Biddy," she said, "I'm going to ask you to do something that you'll think very odd."

Biddy looked up with shy adoration. "I'd do anything you wanted."

"Would you?" She smiled. "Well, it's not a very big thing, after all. Will you wait in the garden a few minutes, and let me see your father alone?"

Biddy's eyes opened wonderingly, but she asked no questions. "Of course," she said, and took another path.

The woman crossed the lawn slowly. Stephen Woodward's head was bent over his desk, and her footsteps on the grass made no sound. But as she entered by the open window he caught the rustle of her skirts.

"Biddy, is it you?" He turned in swift welcome, and the actress half held out her hands.

"I've come back," she whispered.

He made no movement towards her, but his pen dropped on the carpet, and he picked it up mechanically.

"Stephen!"

The silence bit into her soul. Even in this first moment he could remember the past, could refuse her the smallest sign of welcome.

He spoke at last. "Does Biddy know?"

She winced. His silence had been kind in comparison with his speech. After twelve years, could he not spare his first thought for her?

"No," she said, "Biddy does not know——"

His movement of relief maddened her.

"Yet——" she added, and he looked at her with sudden entreaty.

"Eileen, you won't tell her! It would be too cruel."

Her lips quivered, but she forced steadiness into her voice. "Would it? When you know what there is to tell, you shall decide."

"When *I* know?"

"Yes."

He was silent, and for a moment she hesitated. Was she going to let happiness slip from her hands so easily? Surely, surely, if she made another effort——

"Stephen, won't you trust me?" she whispered. "There is so much to explain—so much I am going in any case to explain; but if you could believe me *first*, it would make all the difference."

He sat on in dazed silence. Slowly the possibility, the radiant hope of a mistake somewhere was forcing itself into his mind. But she did not give him time. To her, whose mind worked with lightning speed, the silence seemed cruel and endless. She saw his hand travel instinctively to an inner pocket, but she could not guess that it was her own miniature on which it rested. A hard look came to her eyes.

"Very well," she said; "I understand. I have asked too much. You have a right to know the truth first; only, if you could have waived that right——"

"Eileen," he began uncertainly, "I am——"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, "I know; you're logical. It would be absurd to expect it, so I will begin at the beginning in the

[Continued overleaf.]



SUNLIGHT, EXTRA: A STUDY IN EASTER PRICES.



THE COMING GUEST: I see you charge five shillings for a room. When I was here in December you only charged three shillings a day.

THE LANDLADY: Ah, but the days are longer now.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

proper way. Can you remember the beginning—or was it the middle or the end? Anyway, that day twelve years ago.”

He made the faintest movement of assent.

“That morning—it was a summer morning like this, hot and still. Do you remember? And you started so early, and it left such a long day to feel lonely in, with the prospect of another to follow. When you had gone I felt restless and unsettled. The little rift had been widening till even I couldn’t persuade myself any longer that it wasn’t there. And in your absence I grew repentant and made resolves. There were things I did and said that were natural to me, but that chafed and irritated you. *Resolve*: They should cease.”

Her tone was faintly mocking, and his eyebrows contracted.

“There were ways in which I could prove how immeasurably dear you were to me. *Resolve*: I would seek them out. I was in your study, and presently my eyes fell on an open book that lay on your desk. Cigar-ash between the leaves was proof that you had been reading it the night before, and I picked it up—with a vague notion, I suppose, of drawing nearer to you by reading what you had so lately read. It was quite a short poem. You remember?”

He shook his head.

“It was Browning’s ‘My Last Duchess.’”

He looked up quickly.

“Ah, you understand? So did I—after I had read it three times.”

Through the open window came the sound of a distant voice—Biddy’s—calling to the dogs.

“And you’ve been afraid,” she said, with quiet bitterness, “that Biddy would grow up to be like me. Oh, I’ve read between the lines of what she told me yesterday and to-day. The strict school, the Puritan dress—” She broke off. “When I realised that you thought that of me—”

“What?”

She raised her eyebrows. “I am to quote? Oh, I have it all by heart; but, after all, the conclusion of the whole matter comes towards the middle, doesn’t it?”

A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,

Too easily impressed; she liked whate’er

She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.

It stung, you know, when I understood—all the more because my thoughts of you had just been so different. And the reaction was violent. Are you surprised that I almost hated you—that when Claude Jarrold came in and saw I was unhappy, and asked me to go to a concert in town with him that afternoon, I accepted eagerly? He liked me, I liked him, you disliked him and would be angry—it was all I needed, and I went.

She glanced at him, but could not read his expression. Her voice grew faintly wistful. “Remember, Stephen,” she added, “that though we had been married nearly six years, I was only twenty-three.”

He did not look up.

“And you believed, with all the world, that I had run away with Claude Jarrold?”

“You went away together,” he said slowly; “you did not come back; you left no message.”

She made an impatient movement. “Why should I have left a message? You were away till next day, and I expected to be home in a few hours.”

“A few hours?”

“Yes. Ah, Stephen, how plain you make it that I am guilty till I prove myself innocent. After the concert, as we were hurrying in a hansom to catch the train, there was an accident. I only remember the sound of breaking glass and of people shouting. Then I woke up in a hospital.”

There was a pause. “And Jarrold?” he asked at last.

Her voice trembled a little. “He died without recovering consciousness.”

When he spoke again it was as if to himself. “There was nothing in the papers—”

“That, too, can be explained,” she said coldly. “When I was better they asked me questions. I couldn’t answer. I remembered nothing, not even my name. Then they showed me the only clue they had to Claude Jarrold’s identity. It was a business letter, addressed to ‘A. Hemings, Esq.,’ and the name meant nothing to me.”

“Hemings?” He frowned thoughtfully. “Let me think. No—yes, it was the name of a friend of Jarrold’s; I remember his speaking of him. He had written to ask Jarrold’s advice about—” He shook his head. “I can’t remember.”

“The letter,” she said, “was about a stained-glass window.”

“Yes,” he agreed eagerly, “that was it.”

“So you see if there was anything about Claude Jarrold in the papers he would have been referred to as Hemings.”

He nodded. “And you?” he asked hesitatingly.

“I? I came back to life without friends, without money, without any special training for anything. I went on the Halls. The doctors said that if ever I came across a strong link with the past I might in a flash remember everything.”

His eyes questioned her eagerly.

“I have had to wait twelve years. Yesterday the flash came.”

“Biddy?” His voice was very low.

“Yes, Biddy. She was separated from her friends after the theatre, and was too late for the last of your three trains a day. When I came across her she was nearly crying, and I did what I could for her. We wired to you and the Markhams, and I took Biddy home with me for the night. She had told me her name, and that, of course, was the flash.”

She turned away with a gesture of finality. He leaned forward.

“Eileen!” he pleaded, and at his tone she swayed for an instant towards him. Then her eyes met his hopelessly.

“Ah!” she cried, “now that your belief can never comfort me, you believe.”

He drew her miniature out and held it towards her.

“It has never left me for a day,” he whispered. “I have never been able to stop loving you.”

She shook her head. “You call it love?” she asked desolately.

“If you cared—” he began.

“Cared?” She hesitated, and her face was white. “I—I love you, Stephen.”

He took an eager step towards her.

“No,” she said; “don’t you understand? I love you, but it is no use. Don’t you see? Oh, I know my Browning better than I used to. What would it be but ‘the glimmer of twilight; never glad, confident morning again’?”

“That was written,” he said slowly, “of a treachery—a crime, not of a misunderstanding.”

“Some misunderstandings,” she answered, “are crimes.”

She came towards him.

“You are going?” he asked.

She shook her head. “No; not yet.”

There was that in her voice that he did not understand.

“What is it?” he questioned.

Her eyes softened. “I want Biddy.”

“Biddy?”

“Haven’t you had her,” she asked passionately, “for twelve years? Have I done anything to forfeit my right to her? Isn’t it my turn?”

He pushed back his chair with trembling hands. Give up Biddy? A passionate refusal sprang to his lips, but it was not spoken. . . . Could he deny her the only reparation in his power? . . . Was not what she said true?

There was an abysmal pause. Then he went to the door and opened it.

“Biddy!” he called.

“Coming, daddy. Oh, what a long time it seemed! I thought you’d forgotten all about me.”

“Biddy, I’ve something to tell you.” He bent and whispered in her ear.

Biddy started and clung to him. “Oh, daddy, is it? How—how can it be?” She looked uncertainly across the room. Her mother held out her arms.

“Biddy!” she cried yearningly, and Biddy took a hesitating step towards her. But she still held her father’s hand.

Her mother’s voice broke. “Ah, can’t you love me a little too,” she cried, “my sweet Honey?” and with a sob Biddy sprang to her. “Mother! Mother! Oh, it’s really you! . . . And there seems such a lovely lot more than two—” He realised that it was Biddy’s voice, and that she was making eager plans. “And when I’ve left school for good we’ll all go abroad together, won’t we?”

His grasp tightened on the back of his chair. Would her mother never tell her?

“And, oh, I think I’m too happy ever to grow up at all.”

Her mother’s glance travelled beyond her for an instant. Would he try to use Biddy’s happiness as a lever to weaken her resolution? But his eyes were fixed on the window, and the bright sunlight outlined the unfamiliar creases about his mouth and eyes. With sudden inconsistency she wavered. How could she do it? And what, after all, had he done but believe evidence that anyone in his senses must have believed? She sighed sharply. If only—if only he had not let her see that Biddy was more to him than all the world. . . . What was Biddy saying?

“But, of course, I couldn’t be jealous of you now that you’re really here.”

“Jealous, Biddy? Of me?” She smiled, with a touch of bitterness.

Biddy nodded. “I was, you know,” she confessed contritely, “the day before yesterday, when he said I was a very close second. But that was because I thought you were—” She trembled, and left the word unspoken. “Oh, mother, it’s not a dream, is it? Because I couldn’t bear it to be now.”

Her mother bent swiftly and kissed her. “No, no,” she said, and her eyes had a strange new light in them. “A very close second!” Then, after all—

“Mother, you’re crying!” said Biddy wonderingly, but her mother shook her head.

“It’s so good to have you, Honey,” she said brokenly, and paused. Would he never look at her? Gently she drew Biddy across the room, and at last his eyes met hers. He made an uncertain movement, and suddenly her fingers touched his. “So good to have you—both,” she whispered.

THE END.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE KING heard with considerable regret of the premature death of Lord Liverpool, who was appointed Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household on the formation of the present Ministry, being at the same time advanced to the Earldom of Liverpool. The office of Lord Steward of the Household is one of great antiquity, and its holder has very large powers over all the Royal Household. He takes precedence of all Dukes, except those of the Blood Royal, and he receives his office directly from the Sovereign, under the symbol of a white staff. On the death of the Sovereign, the Lord Steward breaks this staff and throws the pieces on the royal coffin, thereby discharging all the Household officials, himself included, from their offices.



THE ONLY BEARDED ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP: THE BISHOP OF OPORTO.

The Bishop had to obtain the Pope's permission before he could wear his beard, and his unprecedented request was only granted as a recognition of his great services in the cause of his Church in Africa. It is, as it were, his Order of Merit.

him an extra A.D.C.; and when Lord Aberdeen became Viceroy he made Lord Hawkesbury his State Steward and Chamberlain. Dublin Society will be exceedingly sorry if the new Lord Liverpool should feel obliged to resign these important offices. With the active assistance of his wife—who is the only daughter of Lord Monck, a well-known Irish Peer—he has been the life and soul of the festivities at Dublin Castle; and it is largely owing to his tact and good management that the reforms introduced into the Castle Drawing Rooms have proved so successful. The new Peer has five half-brothers and five half-sisters, some of whom are still quite children.

*Nude Royalties.* The Indépendants show their independence in a surprising manner. The



AN EX-NEWSBOY WHO IS NOW A CONGRESSMAN: MR. HARRY B. WOLF.

Mr. Wolf, of Baltimore, a recently elected Congressman, was a newsboy. He is now, at the age of twenty-seven, a successful lawyer. His opponent at the election was postmaster of the city while Mr. Wolf was crying "Extra, Mister!"

Photograph by the Gilliams Press Syndicate.

The New Lord and The late Lady Liverpool.

Liverpool is succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Hawkesbury, who rendered distinguished service in the South African War, in which he served with his regiment, the Rifle Brigade. Lord Cadogan, when Viceroy of Ireland, appointed

Indépendants, if you please, are Paris artists who hold an exhibition in the spring, and have nothing to do with hanging-committees and things. "You pays yer money and you sends yer pictur"—that is all about it. Someone paid his money and sent his picture; but it was so saucy and so disrespectful that a police-officer came to remove it and to hang it up in his own office, perhaps. The name of this charming tableau which has so scandalised the virtuous is "The Russo-Japanese Wrestling Match." There is the Tsar and there is the Mikado struggling in the ring with precious little on, and round about is gathered a group of potentates, each in summery raiment. A Belgian artist perpetrated this work of art, and fear, perhaps, of diplomatic troubles caused the Republic to send its policeman. Even the most loyal of us do not necessarily want to see monarchy undressed.

The Marriage of a Marquess.

The marriage of a Marquess is an important social event, and Lord Downshire is receiving warm congratulations on his betrothal to pretty Miss Evelyn Foster.



AN EX-QUEEN SUING THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT: EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

Liliuokalani, ex-Queen of the Sandwich Islands, has made up her mind to sue the United States Government for ten million dollars for loss of her estates and palace. She was deposed in 1893, and in 1898 the Sandwich Islands were annexed to the United States.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH ANTI-RESURRECTIONISTS KEPT GUARD: THE WATCHERS' WINDOW, DUNBLANE.

The house abuts on the graveyard of Dunblane Cathedral. The annexe at the back overhangs the burying-ground, of which the small window commands a view. In the days of the "resurrectionists" this was occupied by the watchers, who took turns to watch and prevent these robbers of the graves of the recently buried carrying out their ghoully thefts.

Photograph by J. Allan Blair.

The future Marchioness comes of a family deservedly popular in the neighbourhood of the royal borough, for Clewer Manor is a delightful place, famed for its hospitality and the beauty of its young hostesses. Miss Foster's sister became last year the wife of a Dutch nobleman, Baron van Heemstra, and quaint Dutch customs were observed at her pretty wedding. The marriage of Lord Downshire and his fiancée, who is that rather rare thing in England, a perfect type of the brunette, will take place very shortly. Miss Foster is a brilliant amateur actress, and in this matter (one that has enabled her to entertain a great many) she will reign supreme over the small group of Marchionesses, to whom she will form a delightful as well as an accomplished addition.

# KEY-NOTES

**T**O-MORROW Dr. Richter celebrates his sixty-fourth birthday, which he is passing, as is his wont, in his Hungarian home (where, by the way, he is not known among the natives as Dr. Hans Richter, but as "Richter Janosh"). As already mentioned, we are within a few weeks of the thirtieth anniversary of his first appearance in London at the Albert Hall, when he conducted the rehearsals and some of the performances of the Wagner Festival organised by Messrs. Hodge and Essex. In the programme of these concerts, which lies before me as I write, his name is, curiously enough, not mentioned at all; but the Press and the public were not slow to recognise the importance of the arrival of the young conductor, whose fame had preceded him. Since then his connection with England has been permanent and intimate. In the following autumn began the epoch-making Richter Concerts, at which the Symphonies of Beethoven were played in chronological order; and one can well remember the almost indignant surprise of some of the older musicians at the results he achieved, and also the melancholy fact that at the first concert very few people indeed had the courage to pay for balcony tickets.

At that time about forty orchestral concerts in the year, or, rather, between February and June, were thought to be an ample allowance for London, although Sir August Manns' invaluable pioneer work at the Crystal Palace had been going on for some time.



A SINGER AT THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL CONCERT:  
MISS EDITH J. MILLER.

Miss Miller, the young Canadian contralto, was one of the singers at the Keats-Shelley Concert, and met with much success. She has a voice of rare quality and compass, and has already acquired an enviable reputation. She received the personal congratulations of his Majesty the King after the concert given by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society last month, and the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured her first recital in London with their patronage.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Richter reaped where Manns had sown; but whatever may be the precise proportion of the merits of the two men, there is no doubt that the present growth of orchestral music in London is due to them.

When the musical history of the nineteenth century comes to be written two other men will have to be bracketed with Richter and Manns as regenerators of British music; and, needless to say, these two are Sir Charles Hallé and Dr. Joachim. It is characteristic and not altogether pleasant to reflect that these four men have done more for British composers than any native rulers of music were able to do. According to the rough-and-ready classification in vogue, all four are put down as Germans; but, as a matter of fact, two of them—namely, Dr. Richter and Dr. Joachim—were born in Hungary, although, of course, they both owed their musical training and the moulding of their musical individualities to Germany. The average Englishman is far too apt to consider Germany as being one in every respect, and to forget that there may be, and sometimes is, as much antagonism between, let us say, Stettin and Munich as there is between Cork and Aberdeen. It is not improbable that the non-German elements in both these men have had something to do with the power they have been able to exercise over England, because there is something (which is easy to feel, but not so easy to explain) which seems to set up a barrier, difficult to break down, between England and Germany in matters of art. Is this because of, or in spite of, our close relationship?

It is interesting to study the list of the orchestra which took part in the Wagner Festival alluded to above. The violins were led, as most musicians remember, by Wilhelmj, who is, fortunately, still with us; the seconds were led by Deichmann, whose eightieth birthday is to be celebrated this month by his friends of the German colony; and among the violins were Herr Schiever and Mr. Eayres, both familiar names still. The principal viola was Mr. Holländer, and the well-known names among the violoncellists included those of Messrs. Ould, Trust, Van Biene, and Whitehouse. Among the wood-winds were found Mr. Vivian (flute), Mr. Malsch (oboe); and among the harpists a well-known figure was Mrs. Frost, who afterwards became the harpist of the famous Hallé Orchestra.

Mischa Elman gives his first recital at Queen's Hall on Saturday next, and on the following Friday takes place M. Maurel's postponed concert, at which he will be assisted by the New Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Thomas Beauchamp, and a choir selected from the Oriana Madrigal Society. On the following afternoon there will be two concerts of exceptional interest. At the Bechstein Hall the first Joachim Quartet Concert takes place, and at the Queen's Hall Herr Nikisch conducts the London Symphony Orchestra and the Sheffield Choir, the programme including the Choral Symphony, a Motet of Bach, and the "Coronation Mass," by Dr. Charles Harriss, the Canadian composer who organised, as may be remembered, the Canadian Concert at Queen's Hall last year. Herr Nikisch will be busy during his stay in London, for he will take the part of accompanist at the recitals of Miss Elena Gerhardt, and of that of Mr. Glenn Hall, the American tenor, besides conducting three orchestral concerts. On the 14th he conducts the Sunday Concert at the Albert Hall; and on the 16th and 27th he conducts the concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall.

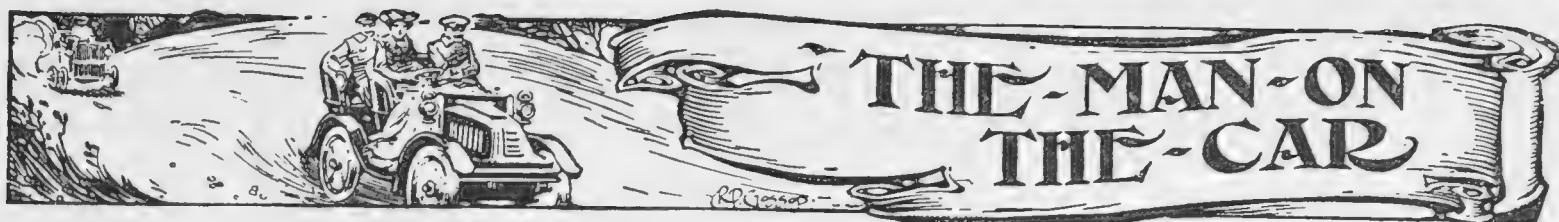
COMMON CHORD.



COMPOSER OF "PARADISE LOST" AND  
"THE SONG OF SOLOMON": M. ENRICO  
BOSSI.

"Paradise Lost" is one of the most popular modern oratorios in Germany, and it has been heard in London at the Queen's Hall. M. Bossi was born at Salo in 1861, and in 1880 appeared at the Crystal Palace as a pianist. Of late years he has played chiefly on the organ. He is the author of some operas, another great choral work, "The Song of Solomon," and several orchestral pieces and songs.—[Photograph by Neuhaus.]





A HORSY CHAIRMAN FOR THE R.A.C.—THE SMOKE-EMISSION TRIALS—THE FREE GARAGE QUESTION—RUSHES TO AND FROM MONTE CARLO—THE C.P. FLEXIBILITY TRIALS.

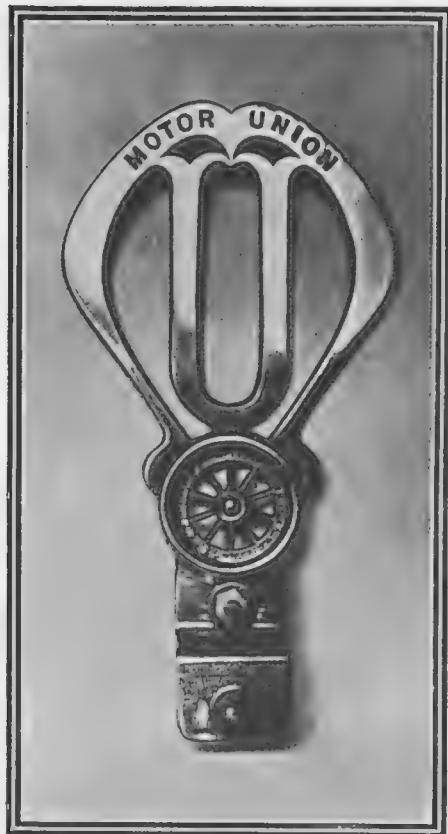
**I**F anything can console the members of the Royal Automobile Club for the disappearance of their Chairman, the Hon. A. Stanley, the filling of the void by the honourable member for the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire, Mr. C. D. Rose, should do so. There is, however, something weirdly

anomalous in the fact that the Parliamentary representative of an electoral area as horsy as that which contains the famous Heath should become the active leader of the Royal Automobile Club, and the head and front of automobilism in the House of Commons. Strange as this connection may appear at first sight, the communion of such interests under such circumstances may, I think, be taken as a happy augury for the future of self-propelled traction on common roads. By those who know him best, Mr. Rose is reported as possessing both common-sense and tact above the average, qualities that should serve both him and the Club more than well in the autophile campaign he will be called upon to plan and lead. There is, however, ample time for our champion to test his weapons and harness himself *à point*,

wisdom from France, and now follow the Gallic lead by garaging their guests' cars free of charge.

The competitive rushes across France, the wild scurries from London to Monte Carlo and vice-versa, in which the Crossley, Itala, and Rolls-Royce earned fame about this time last year, appear likely to recur. Before this is published it is probable that Charles Jarrott will have steered a 40-h.p. Crossley from London to the gambling-centre of the Côte d'Azur in less time than he achieved upon his first trip. By reducing his stoppages to a minimum Jarrott hopes to compass a still higher average.

The flexibility trials promoted by the Crystal Palace Automobile Club and carried out on Saturday, March 23 were hardly so well supported as the promoters hoped. As soon as the conditions were issued, the supporters of the four as against the six cylinder engine fell terribly foul of them, with the result that alterations were introduced at the eleventh hour to avert the withdrawal of the club's permit, which had, I fancy, been granted all too hurriedly. Ten vehicles only took part in the competition, three of them driven by six-cylinder engines, six by four-cylinder engines, and one by a two-cylinder engine. The cars were required to make a journey from the Crystal Palace to Bexhill and back with as few changes of speed as possible, and when at Bexhill to run a flying quarter-mile and a slow one hundred yards against the watch, on whatever they elected to call their top speeds. The winning car was, as might be expected, the 60-h.p. six-cylinder Napier, admirably driven by Mr. Cecil Edge, while the six-cylinder 40-h.p. Ford, a somewhat



THE MOTOR UNION'S NEW BADGE.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

for when November comes round again we may find the measure of 1903 included once again in the Continuance Act.

So much feeling is shown from time to time with regard to the emission of lubricating-oil smoke from car-silencers, that I am lost in amazement to see that so few well-known makes were entered for the Smoke Emission Trials held by the Royal Automobile Club on March 19 and 20. At the moment of writing the awards have not been issued, but from actual observation of the tests made in the new Club Motor-House, I should imagine that the 16-20-h.p. Chenard-Walcker, the 40-h.p. Napier, the 24-h.p. De Dion, and the 18-24-h.p. Austin would come out with a clean sheet. At all events when I held clean white paper before the exit end of their exhaust-pipes for some minutes, with the engine running, that paper's purity remained unsmirched. And the tests to which the cars were subjected in the motor-house were severe indeed. The vehicles were driven up on to 1 in 7 ramps, first with engine up and secondly with engine down, and the motors were run at normal speed with the crank-chambers on these unusual slants, so that the oil standing in the crank-chambers all ran to the back or the front, as the case might be: a very severe test, as either the front or the back big end would be plunged in oil in engines with dash-lubrication systems.

Motorists returning from automobile tours in France have always remarked upon the free garage granted them at each and every hotel at which they have descended. Then, with such a retrospect, it is not remarkable that the same people motor-touring in this country gird somewhat when they find they are mulcted in anything from five shillings to a shilling per night for such shelter, often very inadequate, afforded their car during their stay. I recall a certain hostelry in Oxford, and not the cream of Oxford hotels at that, where I have been asked to pay a shilling because my car stood in the yard in the open while I lunched. But there are a few hotel proprietors who have learned



A MOTOR-CAR IN THE WAVES: A CURIOUS EFFECT OF THE GALE AT SOUTHPORT.

The recent great gale at Southport flooded the Marine Drive. Dr. Pollard, M.P. for Eccles, was driving in his car with his son and a friend along the Parade, and when Mr. Pollard the younger, who was at the wheel, saw the extent of the flood, he turned the motor too sharply, sending it over the embankment into the sea. The motorists escaped with a shaking and a wetting. It took three horses to pull the motor out of the sand at low tide.

Photograph by J. W. Chilton.

unsightly American car, the 24-h.p. four-cylinder Courier, and the 35-h.p. four-cylinder Maudslay were second, third, and fourth respectively. The Napier's speeds varied between 57.69 and 3.48 miles per hour. The others were slower and faster.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN—IGNORANCE—THE FOURTH ESTATE.

WITH the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National things of the past, speculators will now turn their attention to the City and Suburban, which promises to be full of interest this year. The race will be run on the 24th, and the going on the Downs should be really good by that time, as it is not a question of

herbage on a chalk subsoil. Indeed, in the hottest summer and coldest winter the race-track at Epsom is always the same, though it is a pity that the tan tracks could not be got rid of; but this is not possible so long as the right-of-way question has to be faced. Velocity was not quite wound up at Lincoln, but he should be quite fit by the time the City comes to be run, and if he has reached his last year's form, he certainly would be backed by the public, especially with Maher in the saddle. Mrs. Jackson's horse has only to allow Dean Swift 9 lb., but the latter is said to have wintered well, and as a winner of the race last year he is entitled to respect. The Dean is a horse of moods, but this course seemingly suits him, despite the fact that at the start of the race it is all uphill going until Tattenham Station is reached. A stable-companion, Prince William, is, I think, overweighted with 8 st. 3 lb. to carry, and I for one could never make out how he came to finish second to Troutbeck for the St. Leger. It must have been a fluky race throughout. His Eminence ran badly at Lincoln, and Succour did the same at Liverpool. Fra Diavolo, who met with a mishap and could not be started on the Carholme, comes into the argument; so does Wild Aster, the ex-plater, who finished a respectable second to Bridge of Canny for the Liverpool Cup. Lord Rosebery has engaged Ramrod in several races, but if this should be the selected, the horse may go close. Of Taylor's quartet I like Kuroki the best, and this horse may run very well. I was disappointed with the running of Roseate Dawn at Lincoln. He appeared to have lost his dash. Perhaps this course will suit him better. Golden Measure, who ran second to Dean Swift last year, has 8 st. 1 lb. to carry; with a good jockey up he is very likely to be placed once more. Polymelus may be kept for his weight-for-age engagements. Of those I have referred to I like Dean Swift best.

I have suggested many times before that ignorance in the racing world should be treated as a crime and punished. I really believe that half the owners who leave the Turf in disgust are driven away by the ignorance of their advisers and trainers, who tell them—innocently, no doubt—to back their horses when they have no chance, and keep them off them when they win. In the case of

rich owners, who race because it is the proper thing to do, this matters little; but to those men who take up the game as a commercial speculation, the result is serious. We find over and over again horses winning when the stable says they have not a ghost of a chance. What is the result? An opportunity for gambling

has been thrown away, and the handicappers take good care that it shall not come again for some little time, at any rate. Further, in the case of selling-races, some of the form is perplexing in the extreme. I know an owner who, some years back, on three separate occasions bought the horses that beat him in selling-races, and when tried at home later with the animals they had beaten, the tables were turned with a vengeance. Of course, the riding of the jockeys in the races referred to may have had something to do with the results; but there it is, and if owners find the situation so difficult, where does the public come in? Those who win go blind for the horses followed by a certain section of backers, who are often said to be lucky, while the followers of favourites come off second best.

The accident that befell Mr. Paul Widdison, the well-known sporting journalist, at Lincoln, where he was knocked over by a runaway horse, was not, I am glad to hear, as serious as it might have been. All the same, it draws attention to the risks that are run by people parading the paddocks,

and I certainly do think that all horses should be paraded in a special enclosure, as is done at Goodwood. The King's trainer, Mr. R. Marsh, nearly met with a serious accident at Newmarket

last year, through the lashing out of an animal that was parading close to him in the Birdcage, and I have in my time seen some very nasty kicks received by innocent sight-seers at race-meetings. Mr. Widdison, I should add, has been the compiler of betting returns on the course for the *Sportsman* for very many years, and he first had for a vis-à-vis the late Martin Cobbett, another very old friend of mine. The latter's place is now filled by Mr. James George, a keen observer and a stylish writer. Many years ago Mr. Widdison did the reporting

of the Sheffield pedestrian handicaps, and he was a recognised authority on professional sport. Mr. Cobbett began as a cricket reporter, so did Mr. George, Mr. James Henry Smith (*"Argus"* of the *Morning Post*), and Mr. Ball (*"Hotspur"* of the *Daily Telegraph*). Mr. Sydenham Dixon (*"Vigilant"* of the *Sportsman*) was an actor for some little time, and also an athletic reporter. He is a son of "The Druid."

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



MAKING HIS OPPONENT USEFUL: KING ALFONSO USES A LIVING WRITING-PAD WHILE GOLFING.

Photograph by Muñoz.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A REMARKABLE ACTION: A HORSE TURNING A SOMERSAULT AT BOSTON, U.S.A.



## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Hunting the African Lion.

The pursuit of big game has always been a favourite recreation among the English upper classes, and this season the coming of a fine specimen of the African lion, at present quite untamed and unspoiled, will add an enormous zest to the hunt. We may be sure that, among all the Colonial Premiers now assembling among us, General Louis Botha will be the chief objective with hostesses on the prowl for lions. There will be a piquancy about his coming in his new rôle of Premier of a British Colony which will appeal irresistibly to sophisticated Londoners, and the General who has faced a dozen battlefields may fairly quake before the hospitality which awaits him. There are more ways of killing than by lyddite, and kindness is one of those processes which at once disarm the victim and put him *hors de combat* more swiftly than any other. Brave, handsome, and in the prime of manhood, General Botha, if he can overcome his habitual reticence, will have a delirious vogue in Belgravian drawing-rooms. Just as Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the lion of the Coronation year, so we may predict that the Premier of the youngest of all British Colonies will have a success, not only of curiosity, but of esteem and admiration.

### A Play without Duchesses.

There is good news to hand for those who are tired of plays about duchesses and millionaires—with which, it must be admitted, we have been surfeited of late years—for Mr. Clyde Fitch has actually produced with success in New York a piece in which the scene is

laid, not in Fifth Avenue, Mayfair, or the Champs Elysées, but in a tenement-house on the "East side" of the Empire City. His heroine, Mary O'Hara, is a girl with alcoholic tendencies who eventually emerges triumphantly from the gutter; and other characters in the play are a policeman, the janitress of a tenement-house, an unreclaimed Magdalen, a settlement-worker, and a saloon-keeper. These personages suggest that Mr. Clyde Fitch has come under the influence of Tolstoy and Maxim Gorky, and I would respectfully suggest that our leading dramatists should turn their attention to some such theme. Famous German dramatists like Sudermann and Hauptmann are not afraid to present stage-pictures of factory hands and weavers; and Beyerlein's play about barrack-life, "Zapfenstreich," has been produced all over Europe.

### Manufactured Martyrs.

The clever Swiss lady who writes under the name of "Pierre de Coulevain" has recently been drawing a lamentable picture of Englishwomen of the lower classes. She thinks them horribly overworked and ill-used, bullied by their husbands, wearied by their numerous children, and borne down by toil and penury. "They have a right," she says, "to the first place in the history of human martyrs." Compared with their brilliant, economical (though equally hard-working) French contemporaries, their lot, she thinks, is one of degrading ignorance and slavery. Yet, as a matter of fact, anybody less like a martyr than the average buxom English housewife in her cottage I cannot imagine. We have the authority of the author of that genial and kindly book, "The Queen's Poor," for saying that the ordinary English working-woman has not only absolute authority in her own house, but that she controls the purse, taking the earnings of her husband and doling him out as much or as little pocket-money a week as she thinks fit. The children, indeed, are so well aware who is the head of the house and the authority who is to be propitiated that they often say, "Father, you mustn't do that. Mother says you aren't to!" Certainly no one has better opportunities of knowing the life of the poor than a district nurse, and I recommend Miss Lowne's delightful and optimistic book to foreign observers who wish to manufacture martyrs.

### Peris at the Gate.

It is highly probable that enraged and harassed legislators will refrain this season from inviting their female friends and belongings to tea on the Terrace and dinner at the House. It is possible that no other petticoats will henceforth be seen within the precincts than those of the not too beautiful young persons who serve our Members with tea, strawberries, and buns. Yet even one of these might be won over to the cause, and, boldly entering the Chamber, might fling a petition at the very feet of the Speaker. The idea is an ingenious one, and I offer it for what it is worth to the militant members of the Suffrage movement. All is fair in political, as in other warfare, and it is obvious that we shall soon stand like Peris at the gate, longing to, but not allowed to enter the dubious Paradise of the Ladies' Gallery, owing to the fact that we are women, and therefore possibly Suffragists. Already slight and clean-shaven young men are closely scrutinised by the police ere they may venture into the Lobby, and a friend of mine, dining at the House the other night in her best bib and tucker, had to be rescued by a Cabinet Minister and conveyed down a private passage because she was kept waiting for a few moments by her host. Troublous times are ahead, and the sooner Ministers make up their minds to grant the promised franchise the more peaceful will be the slumbers both inside and outside the House of Commons.



[Copyright.]

A FASHIONABLE WALKING-DRESS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING EVENING GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)

The interest of "Major Barbara" lay in the Salvation Army scene, and not in that of the drawing-room. I am inclined to think that the revulsion against stage duchesses has come, even in this, the most snobbish of all capitals, and that success awaits the writer who will give us a dramatic picture of life in a laundry, in a Rowton House, or at the Docks.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

TOWN was not exhilarating last week. There was excuse for looking upon it as a mild version of the proverbial month of Sundays! A detention in the streets at holiday-times proves that only the shops make London possible to womankind. When they are shut, progress through the West End is weary work. Even out of their area, the blinds are inhospitably drawn down in the houses of one's friends and acquaintances, and nostalgia for the country sets violently in. There is relief, happily; the up-to-date motor is at hand to convey one comfortably thirty or forty miles away, without fear of crowding or inconvenience, and to bring one back—bar accidents—for a pleasant dinner and bridge engagement. The holiday girl is at large. Already do we see her on the river, rejoicing in such sunshine as these April days are affording, and dressing to suit. Silly girl! she forgets the chill and nip in the air when the sun goes down, and her thin blouse is no protection from penetrating chill.

The blouse is perhaps the outward and visible sign of the emancipation of woman. She never could have been emancipated had she continued to wear a tight, boned bodice. Plato says, "All the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women." Philosophy is for all time, and though the pursuits of men in his day did not include golf, hockey, angling, sculling, motor-ing, ballooning, ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing, there is no doubt that the sage would be of the same opinion still. During these Easter holidays one is impelled to wonder what we should have done but for the blouse. See a girl canoeing in the sunshine in a white cambric blouse with a pale cherry-coloured tie under her white collar and her white skirt just showing above the gunwale of her frail, dainty little craft, a mushroom-hat on her head, with cherry-coloured ribbons and bunches of cherries in it. Notice the free, joyous, untrammelled sweep of her arms, and let us as a sex say a jubilate for the blouse. She is a promise of the summer, and we hope that she has a coat in her canoe, otherwise the promise may be nipped like other precocious buds.

Next, it may be, we slow down to watch a couple of teams of girls at hockey in an emerald field. The picture is more strenuous than the first; but the girls are quick, alert, and their laughter rings true and merry, and if we do not admire the scrimmages we feel the joyous freedom of movement, and we note the short serge skirts over knickers and the pale-blue flannel blouses with light-blue ties, and again we heap up blessings on the blouse.

A relation in London is a boon and blessing to people living in the country. It would almost pay a family to keep one here, and there would be no lack of applicants for the post. The view taken by residents in London of relatives in the country and their requests requires a great command of language to give it adequate expression. They have a rooted conviction that you live next door to everything, and a fixed idea that you can quite easily buy all they want for next to nothing. However, I do draw the line somewhere, so when I was requested to go to Edwards and Son, 157, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., which isn't even next door but one, to buy a bottle of Roche's Herbal Embrocation with which to cure the whooping cough of my aunt's grandson, and was furthermore enjoined to purchase two or even three bottles if I could get them at wholesale price, I struck. I printed a neat little document stating that Roche's Embrocation was procurable at any chemist's in the

kingdom, the Colonies, or abroad, its fixed price was four shillings a bottle, and it was extremely cheap at that, seeing that it was a celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine, so upsetting to the inexperienced internal economy of the very young. Why, it is sent out by the dozen to royal children abroad! And then I am asked to go and bring it, and get it cheap, as if the thing were unknown and would be sold at any price. I may be obliging, but there are limits!

Much is written and more is said at many meetings held on the subject about the enormous mortality of infants. It is encouraging to hear that, even among the poorest classes, ignorance of mothers, and not wilful neglect, is to blame. Not so encouraging was it to hear a doctor, celebrated for his wide knowledge in such matters, give it as his opinion that abysmal ignorance about infants existed in the upper and middle classes equally with the lower and lowest. It will therefore be good news that Messrs. Savory and Moore,

Chemists to the King, 143, New Bond Street, are issuing an interesting handbook containing information about baby feeding and rearing; it tells why Savory and Moore's foods are, as they are acknowledged to be, the best. Not only is this useful book sent on application by postcard, mentioning *The Sketch*, but a large tin of the best food will be sent by the firm for trial. As it will be sufficient for several days, the test is a satisfactory one. For this they ask only a sixpenny order, or six stamps. I fancy the offer will be eagerly accepted.

Everyone collects something these days; many people go in for postcards which are at once pretty and interesting. There is a charming little series being presented by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap quite worth obtaining for some of the numerous collecting-families. The Oriental pictures humorously present the history of "Wang-Tang-Fee and the Little Chinese." Anyone sending a penny stamp for postage, and applying for Chinaman Postcards, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E., will receive this series free.

A short time ago came a new edition of "Corpulency and the Cure"; now we hear of the inauguration of a system of free correspondence by Mr. F. Cecil Russell.

Those who are stout and wish to reduce their stoutness may receive from the Russell establishment, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, W.C., the most careful consideration of cases. It is only necessary to forward in writing full particulars of one's actual condition and past treatment. Details should be stated as to age, weight, and height, duration of obesity, state of health, appetite and digestive powers, etc. These particulars will form the nucleus of the correspondence-consultation. When all the facts have been elicited (by further letters, if necessary) the treatment by the "Russell" system will be fully dealt with and explained. The book, "Corpulency and the Cure," can be obtained by sending to the same address two penny stamps for postage under private cover.

The "Nutshell" Patent Automatic Strop, just introduced by Messrs. Rheinberg and Co., of 32, Snow Hill, London, is an ingenious little apparatus, designed to reduce the delicate operation of stropping to a simple matter of turning a handle to and fro for a few moments. The automatic principle is so exact that both sides of the blade must receive equal stropping. The "Nutshell" should prove a boon to travellers by reason of its simplicity and compactness. It may be obtained from all cutlers, or direct from Messrs. Rheinberg and Co., price 12s. 6d.



BEYOND REPAIR.

DRAWN BY E. S. KLEMMNER.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 9.*

## MONEY AS A FACTOR.

SINCE the beginning of the year—and after that End-December settlement when contango rates rose into double figures—money has been easy enough to obtain at each succeeding Stock Exchange account. Last time there were large sums still unlent at the pay-day, though they sought employment at anything above the Bank Rate. We are now told, however, that a money stringency is quite on the cards, and in support of the theory the rising rates in Wall Street are indicated as the second step in the proceedings, the first having been taken by the Bank of France in advancing its rate to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. after seven years of 3 per cent. So far as we are able to judge, it is not very likely that money will become scarce for some time to come yet. Too much private capital seeks employment for any great squeeze to be made yet awhile, although the possibility of a rise in the Bank of England minimum must not be lost sight of. But our idea is that money on this side will remain plentiful, if expensive, for some time to come.

## THE RÔLE OF THE PROPHET.

Against such demoralisation of markets as last account witnessed, what ordinary prophet shall stand? Financial affairs are running in a groove abnormal, extraordinary. It is useless to say that this will rise or that will fall. The stars in their courses fight against the Stock Exchange. Where the prophet comes in is on the longer course. He can see Canadas, for example, at 200 again, Unions at 150 certainly, Bays at 110, and so on. But whether to-morrow, or next week, or next month, who shall declare? A dozen elements of uncertainty surge around the markets, and while we disclaim any sort of respect for such sensationalisms as delight a section of the Press, we do not shut our eyes to the possibilities of fresh violent declines in the speculative departments.

## RALLIES IN YANKEES.

"Not to be trusted too far"; that seems to be the general Stock Exchange opinion regarding the rallies in Yankees. While the worst of the troubles have been surmounted, a goodly amount of wreckage remains to be disposed of, and this may act as a cause of considerable inconvenience for several weeks. The American market has got into that state in which neither traffics nor dividends are of any effect as compared with the influences at work between the bull party and the bears. Prices are more than ever at the mercy of gambling cliques pulling one against the other, and the sensible man stands from under, unless he has the cash to take up what he thinks of buying. The pathetic feature of the last Stock Exchange pay-day was the number of small clients who were forced to admit their inability to meet differences which were piled up at a rate wholly unexpected. By degrees the liabilities will be cleared off; but if the little people are in distress it can be imagined how severely some of the bigger fry have been hit.

## MEXICAN RAILS.

By all means, buy them; and especially the Ordinary stock. The fall in the trio came about through causes entirely apart from the Company and its line; they were financial influences connected with other markets. In time intrinsic merit will tell, and Mexican Rails, all three stocks, are worth more than the current quotations—worth, not a little more, but five to ten points higher. Take the weekly traffics as an index to the prosperity of the Company, and, allowing for the fall in the price of silver, the Mexican Railway is doing great things. Take up what you buy. It's not a bit of use carrying over expensively rated stock like this. Pay for the stock, or don't buy it at all. Before the year runs out, all the three stocks will show a handsome profit. The Ordinary is a gamble, in course of being absorbed by the Mexican Government; the Second Preference is a good and highly speculative investment; the First Preference is a sound investment sufficiently tinged with speculation to give it a pleasant piquancy to the capitalist's taste.

## KAFFIR CONSIDERATIONS.

Everyone in the Kaffir Circus says that South Africans are going better. Whether this declaration is worth much as a tip may be left to the decision of those who have taken similar hints in the past. But even the sceptical are rather surprised at the firm front, comparatively speaking, that the Kaffir Circus presented to the End-March slump. "Does this mean an early boom?" asked the optimists. We have little hesitation in answering that question in the negative. On the other hand, Kaffirs might easily improve a trifle; not enough, probably, to justify the giving of call-option money, but sufficiently to pay a speculator who wants a little flutter on the bull tack. Quite a gamble, of course; not one to be trusted too far out of sight, either.

## THE BARRENECHEA NITRATE COMPANY.

The warning I ventured to address to you with regard to the immediate future of markets generally, which appeared in your issue of March 13, has been fully justified by the subsequent course of events. For those who are prepared to pay for and take up their favourite stocks these periods of panic offer unrivalled opportunities of securing bargains, but for all others the only prudent course is to stand aside till the storm is past. From the speculative point of view it is too dangerous to buy, and most unwise to sell at current prices.

To turn from the general to the particular, I am conscious that I am liable to be shot at over the disappointing result of the year's working of the Barrechea Nitrate Company. I can only plead that, in common with many shareholders, I was misled by the very optimistic speech of the Chairman at the previous annual meeting. The gross profit for 1905 was £79,102, and at the meeting the Chairman remarked—"As for the current year, I am glad to tell you that we have sold the whole of our quota at very profitable prices, which leads me to make another very safe prophecy—that the accounts we shall present to you next year will be found to be very satisfactory indeed." In September 1906 an interim dividend of 5s. per share was paid, as against 2s. 6d. in the previous year, from which it was naturally inferred that the final dividend would also be most satisfactory; and then in the report for the year it transpires that the profits have come down to £39,906, and any balance after the payment of the interim dividend is required for working capital! More surprising still, at the meeting on the 20th inst, the Chairman volunteered the astounding statement that he made it a rule that, where there was no stipulation in the articles as to the qualification of a director, he never held shares in his own name. He was, however, interested in 950 shares, which he held in his own name and that of his son. It did not appear if the other directors pursued the same self-denying policy. Most surprising of all, perhaps, the meeting passed the resolution for the adoption of the report, and it was subsequently stated that the Board held proxies for 20,000 shares. It seems clear therefore, that the shareholders are content with the management of their property, but, personally, I cannot be any longer responsible for recommending these shares to *Sketch* readers. At the same time, if any of your readers hold these shares at prices above that now ruling, their best course is to hold on. Even last year the gross profit was equivalent to 75 per cent. on the capital, and all the adverse points seem fairly discounted in the present quotation. Q.

## "THE MINING MANUAL."

The new volume of Mr. Skinner's book is now ready, and higher praise cannot be given to it than to say it is up to the best standard of his publications. As usual, the Companies dealt with are arranged in three sections, and the convenient alphabetical order is preserved, while a useful list of Mining Directors, Secretaries, Consulting Engineers, and Mine-Managers is added. Over 3100 Companies are dealt with, and, as far as we can see by the very cursory glance we have been able to give the book, the information is as full and up to date as usual. It is only by continual use of such a book as "Skinner's Mining Manual" that its reliability and merits are realised. The price, as before, is a guinea, and anyone who is interested in mines and mining shares gets full value for his money.

Thursday, March 28, 1907.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEMENT.—The shares are now without arrears of interest, and there has been selling by considerable holders in markets with few buyers. We think the return fairly tempting.

CHIPS.—(1) We have no faith in Chartered shares. (2) This is a good concern, belonging to the Robinson group, and we should say hold on. (3) Hold this, although it is speculative. If South African things improve this will improve with the rest.

LIEUT.—The Bank shares are as safe as possible, and not half so depressed as many other things. Hold them, and wait for times when money is cheaper.

KINI.—The Copper shares are a good gamble. There are times in which very few things move up.

BORNEO.—We never answer anonymous communications.

NEPTUNE.—The Leather Company's shares are a fair industrial investment, but the reserve fund is not what it should be. As to the Yankee shares, in the present state of the market we are not going to prophesy "prompt recovery" or anything else.

NITROGEN.—See this week's "Notes."

HOLLY.—(1) Quite a sound investment, but the return is only just over 4 per cent. (2) See answer to "Patt" in our issue of March 27.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Easter holidays, we again go to press early, and must ask the indulgence of correspondents.

## RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Windsor the following should go close: Romney Handicap, Mr. Ooley; Slough Plate, Jolly Boy; Holyport Handicap, Shy Lad; Royal Castle Handicap, Amersham. At Catterick Bridge I fancy these: New Stand Handicap, Crow Cup; Hornby Castle Handicap, Oroya; Brough Hall Handicap, Quintet; Baines Plate, The Prodigal Son. At Alexandra Park Rarer Sort may win the Middlesex Plate, and Claudian ought to capture the Two-Year-Old Plate; Retrenchment the April Auction Stakes, Master Hopson the County Handicap, and Let Go the Painter the Alexandra Handicap.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Long Road." By John Oxenham. (Methuen.)—"Friday, the Thirteenth." By T. W. Lawson. (Heinemann.)—"The King's Wife." By Hélène Vacaresco. (T. Werner Laurie.)

IF Mr. John Oxenham has a fault when he is in the "Barbe of Grand Bayou" or "The Long Road" mood, it is that he is over-sentimental. His heart is so soft that he is loth to permit even his villains to suffer according to their deserts. He is daring enough, indeed, in his latest book to let his villain go free—while his hero goes mad. Yet, after all, he is never maudlin, and his fault is probably one that many will count a virtue. Certainly his story is well handled. Mr. Oxenham knows a good effect, and knows also how it should be gained. Taken as a whole, "The Long Road" is excellent craftsmanship. Stepan Ilne is the son of one of those Russians condemned for some trivial fault—snuff-taking, in his case—to travel the long road from Kazan to Irkutsk, that Siberia may be peopled. In earliest childhood he must plod that way; in early manhood he comes under the power of Paschkin, "the devil," apostle of absolutism; and so has to follow a road without end, forbidden to stay in any place for more than ten days. His wife and his children go with him, and he is happy, despite all. Then the wife dies, and the children die. He knows, in turn, joy, hope, fear, and despair, and with the despair comes fierce desire for revenge. He grinds his axe, keeps ready his spear and his gun, turns hunter of man; but his foe's child turns aside his thoughts. He spares where he would kill, and he is left alone, "the good peddler," dreaming his dreams, content and at peace.

"Friday, the Thirteenth," could hardly have been published at a better moment. It deals with that "frenzied finance" of which Mr. Lawson has written before, and deals with it in much the same staccato fashion. It cannot be said that Mr. Lawson's style is beyond reproach from the literary point of view, but one feels, in reading his work, that that really matters little. He conveys what he wishes to convey in the most effective manner; the gambling spirit that is in every man awakes at his bidding and gives his book undoubted power to hold the attention. Under the sway of Mr. Lawson's irresistible method, one can forgive even the facts that his hero has "one of those clean, brave, all-for-heart-nothing-for-policy, smiling faces; his heroine a "no-yesterday-no-to-morrow voice," and, later, a "don't-come-with-me dignity." The love-story of the book is not its strongest part: its fascination lies—as

did the fascination of "The Pit"—in its description of Stock Exchange gambling, the brutal art of dollar-making, that gives great wealth with great sorrow, great remorse.

The publisher's note to "The King's Wife" is nothing if not confident. "This is a novel," it reads, "which will assuredly create a sensation. The close friendship between the Queen of Roumania, 'Carmen Sylva,' and Hélène Vacaresco is well known. Her book, while pure fiction, may be said to mirror the mode of living and sentiments of certain royal personages, and is probably as intimate a picture of Court life from the inside as has ever been published." "Certain royal personages" are not likely to be flattered. "The King's Wife" makes them exceedingly ordinary personages, with a taste for melodramatic action. Doubtless they are commonplace—most do not want to think so. They will be disappointed to find Royal, Serene, and other Highnesses very human, scheming their marriages, loving the wrong people, meeting the customary difficulties, praised by courtiers for such reflections as "The Ponte di Rialto is a beautiful bridge, but still more so on a moonlight night." They will be surprised and unbelieving when they discover such things as—

"The mad-house, Georgio! The living death, the prison from which it is useless to escape because its shadow follows everywhere! Do you not know that in most royal families the head of the dynasty uses this terrible weapon for the benefit of his house? Can you not imagine how many princes whom we hear are travelling in exotic parts, how many princesses who are said to require peace and solitude, have really been sentenced? Many wear the hidden chains, even among those we meet and mingle with every day, and can only regain their freedom in their graves. Secretly they are tracked, their every movement studied by the clever eyes of a detective-physician, or a nurse who is called a handmaid or a valet."

Such "horrible revelashuns" will scarce find credence; they are not inconceivable, but they are decidedly difficult to conceive. Surely, despite her knowledge of Courts, Hélène Vacaresco has taken the fullest advantage of the fiction-writer's license; the mirror that reflects the thoughts and actions of her characters must certainly be distorted. Those with whom she peoples her book are, however, of some interest, their sayings are at times amusing, their actions are on occasion sufficiently entertaining. At least, the hero "plays the game." His cousin Paul speaks to him—

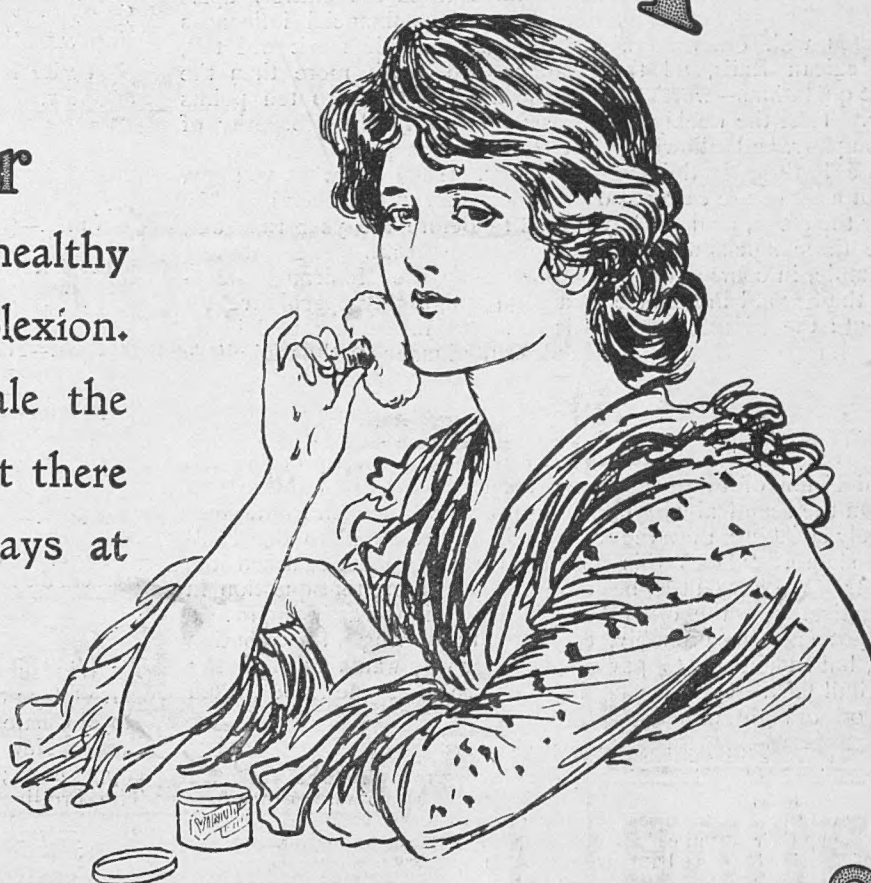
"George, your life is in danger. Try to obtain from the Council for these people such liberty as they require. You know how it is with them. They have pronounced your sentence, and there is one among the lot who has to kill you or to die himself."

"Bravo!" I answered. "A plot against me—an Anarchist dogging my steps! Now I really feel an anointed king, a king to be revered not only by his subjects but by himself."

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